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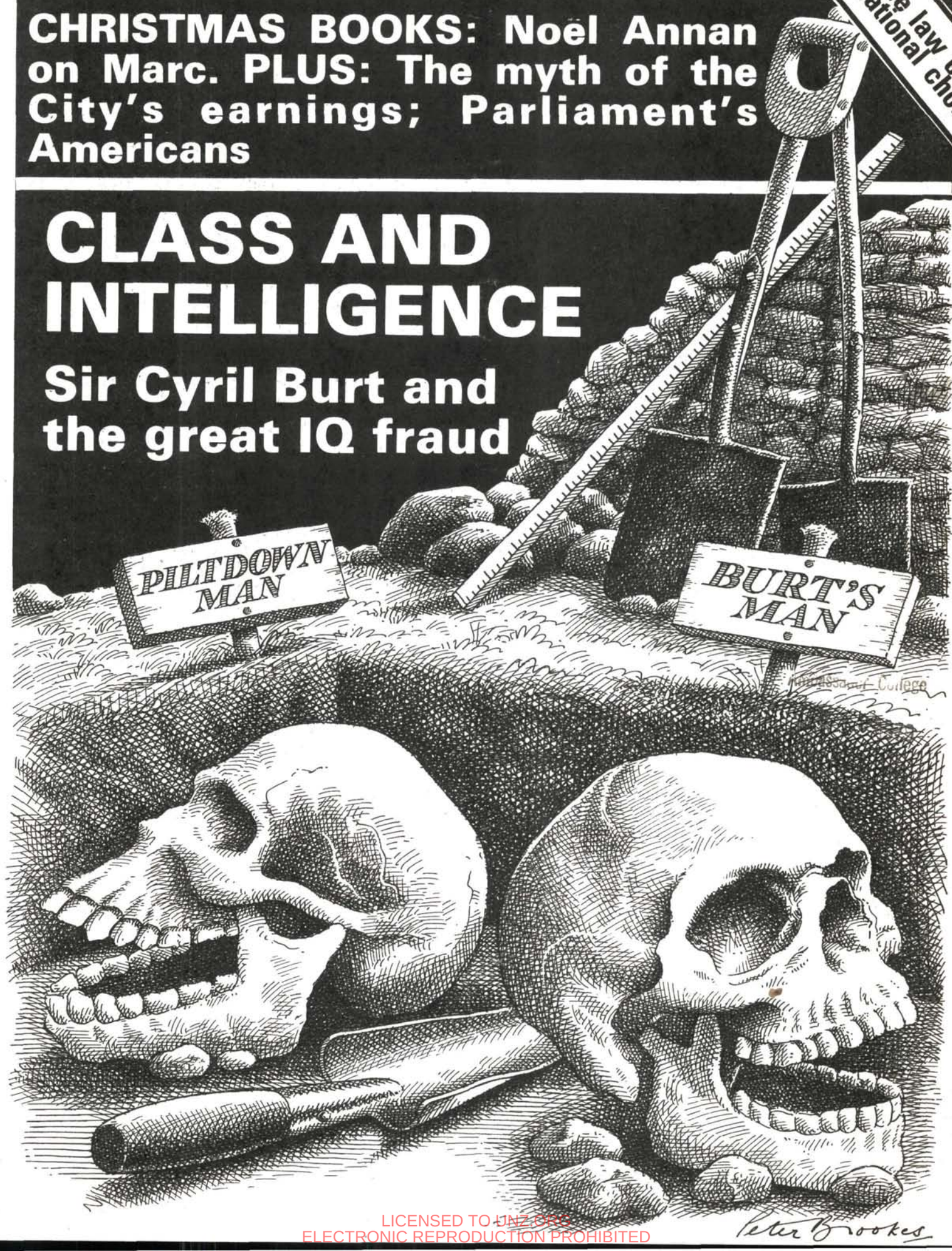
# NEW STATESMAN

PUBS The law of rational choice

CHRISTMAS BOOKS: Noël Annan on Marc. PLUS: The myth of the City's earnings; Parliament's Americans

# CLASS AND INTELLIGENCE

## Sir Cyril Burt and the great IQ fraud

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# Notes on Politics and Power

## A whistle-blower from Iran

*Christopher Hitchens writes*: Until 13 November, Sia Zand was the Chief of the Protocol Section of the General Department of Press and Information at the Imperial Court of Iran. On that day, ostensibly taking some leave in London, he wrote to Merlyn Rees and asked for political asylum 'until my country is rid of the present oppressive regime'. Mr Zand is not the first defector from the imperial system in Tehran, and is highly unlikely to be the last, but he has an area of interest which is unusual. His old job afforded a favourable vantage point for the observation of corrupt practices, and Mr Zand claims to have information about the way in which the Shah secured a favourable press for so long in the West. It seems that more than the radiance of the Shah was required to convince some reporters; Mr Zand is in the process of making embarrassing allegations about some of Iran's most faithful Western admirers. The laws of libel make it difficult to say more – yet. In addition, Mr Zand has information about the behaviour of British and American companies and their zeal in securing contracts for themselves during the period when the Shah was devoting so much Iranian GNP to arming and equipping his forces. Mid-December will see a new upsurge in Tehran when the religious feast of Mohurram comes round. If the Shah does go, and the files are really opened for inspection, there will be a lot of purple faces. Meanwhile it will be interesting to see how the Labour government reacts to a request for asylum from a senior dissident.

## Ireland's independent stand on EMS

*Brian Trench writes from Dublin*: Next Monday's discussions between Jim Callaghan and Jack Lynch on the European Monetary System take place in unusual circumstances. Mr Lynch heads the first Irish Government which is willing to take an economic policy decision which could mean a break in the 150-year-old link between sterling and the Irish pound (or punt). Only last week that link was seen in operation as Irish bank rates adjusted upwards in line with the British changes. Now, without advocating the break with sterling as a good thing in itself, the Fianna Fail government is prepared to tie Irish currency to the EMS whether or not the British government does likewise with sterling.

The difference in approach reflects the increasing independence of the Irish economy from the British market (this is only relative, of course, while Britain is still by far the biggest trading partner, taking half of total Irish exports); and the contrasting performances of the two economies in the last few years. With much leeway to make up, the Republic's economy has been fast growing in the EEC for two years. GNP will rise by slightly more than 6 per cent this year, while manufacturing output will increase at nearly twice that rate. Ireland no longer occupies its usual place at the top of the inflation league, though unemployment is still a massive 9 per cent – according to the official under-estimate.

Since all the forecasts suggest the growth rate will halve in 1979, Mr Lynch clearly hopes that by harnessing the Irish economy to the strong German economy via the EMS, he will pull it through troubled waters ahead. In the short term, however, Irish entry into the EMS would bring a revaluation of the punt vis-à-vis sterling, affecting Irish competitiveness and slowing the economy down – particularly if Britain stays out. It could make the government's ambitious job creation targets even harder to achieve.

That is what is worrying the Irish Labour Party and the trade unions. While Labour's General Secretary Brendan Halligan has been waging a personal campaign for some years to have the link with sterling broken, the party leader, Frank Cluskey, has been insisting that in order to cushion the blows of entry into the EMS, Ireland will need much bigger transfers from the EEC than the government has been demanding. In last summer's Green Paper on the economy the government set itself the target of reducing borrowing from 13 per cent of GNP to 10 per cent. It has been hinting at taxation of children's allowances and phasing out of food subsidies. The cash grants and soft loans said to be on offer as a reward for Irish entry into EMS could not greatly lessen the pressure on the government to make such cuts in public spending. Indeed, much of the pressure comes from EEC sources.

This uncertainty about the implications of the EMS for Ireland and about the government's budgetary strategy in this new context was a large part of the reason for last week's unprecedented decision by the Irish Congress of Trade Unions not to enter talks for a new National Wage Agreement. The unions have renewed these centrally negotiated agreements each year since their introduction in 1970. The current agreement has over four months to run, but the unions' vote means that Mr Lynch will come to London feeling slightly less confident about his ability to go it alone into the EMS than when he started his round of talks last month.

## West Highlands to become nuclear dump?

*John Hatton writes*: As attention focused on protests against the proposed nuclear power station at Torness near Dunbar earlier this week the residents of a tiny West Highland village were making themselves heard on another nuclear matter, this time the disposal of nuclear waste. Lochaber, the sprawling area of the West Highlands centred on Fort William, has been selected as one of three Scottish areas where geological tests are to be carried out to see whether the rock structure is suitable for the burial of vitrified nuclear waste. The tests arise out of an EEC decision to test rock structures throughout the Community for this purpose. The waste is at present stored either below water or in steel tanks at Windscale but the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority has indicated that its storage capacity is running out.

So far the Authority has met with determined opposition to its planned testing in Dumfries in the south of Scotland but has already got planning authority for Lochaber. Most pundits reckon that the site the Authority most wants lies at Corrour Forest in Lochaber for which it recently applied for planning permission for the erection of drilling equipment.

The villagers down the road at Roy Bridge were not amused. At a protest meeting last week they claimed that the site lies in an area of seismic activity resulting from its proximity to the Great Glen fault which has been blamed for a number of earth tremors in the Fort William district in recent years. They also claimed that the waste could pollute supplies of drinking water for Lochaber. The area's main reservoir, Loch Laggan, lies about three miles from the intended nuclear dump. Wildlife as well as sheep and cattle could be affected, they said, in the event of any leakage of radiation – a possibility rendered stronger by the area's unstable geology.

The Highland Regional Council is already committed to nuclear-based industry in the area and recently welcomed the expansion of the reactor at Dounreay on the northwestern coast of Scotland. Representatives of the Council seem happy that the nuclear waste can be stored in stable conditions throughout its active life which they claim is only 300 years.

In the meantime, the villagers of Roy Bridge are convinced that they are being sold out. As one of them put it: 'We have been chosen as the nuclear dump because there aren't very many of us. The Atomic Energy Authority seems to think that it doesn't matter about a few hundred of us and what happens to us but presumably it would be politically unacceptable to dump on the doorstep of a major city putting millions at risk.'

## A pittance for schoolchildren

*David Hencke writes*: The £15 million victory by Shirley Williams, Secretary of State for Education, to provide £7.50 a week grants for some children to stay on at school is beginning to look decidedly hollow by comparison with some of the more recent successes by other Cabinet ministers, and indeed by some organisations not even directly represented in the Cabinet.

Mrs Williams has been campaigning for nearly two years to wrest £100 million from the Treasury for a scheme that would be worthwhile for any socially conscious Government. All she has got is a mere 15 per cent of her claim with no real promise of any action until next September, when the Government might not be in office anyway. Her original scheme, discussed as long ago as April 1977, was for a £9 a week educational maintenance award for all children who wished to stay on at school after the age of sixteen. It had long been argued that working class children tended to leave earlier because, unlike those from middle or upper class backgrounds, they, or their parents, needed the cash.

The real reason for her concern was that the Manpower Services Commission, Britain's biggest and fastest growing quango, was about to launch a scheme which would offer £18

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a week to any unemployed school-leaver to take a course. It was, as the National Union of Students forcibly argued at the time, more sensible to leave school and go on the dole because of Government incentives.

Mrs Williams lost the argument in Cabinet at the same time as Peter Shore, Secretary of State for the Environment, won £100 million for extra council house building in the North West of England. Just to make the point even worse, the Manpower Services Commission, which has no direct representation in the Cabinet, then won a further £1.50 a week for every unemployed person joining their courses.

This year, it appears, Mrs Williams has done a little better. But the circumstances should have allowed £100 million to be made available without the slightest difficulty: the Manpower Services Commission has itself underspent by probably some £40 million; the Department of Transport is estimated to be between £20 million and £40 million behind schedule on road building; while the Department of Environment could end up by being about £500 million behind on council house building. A further twist is that the £100 million Mr Peter Shore won for council housing in the North West is likely never to be spent.

Some local education authorities have waited so long for action from Mrs Williams, that three of them – the Inner London Education Authority, Newcastle and Sheffield – are now going ahead with their own grants programme. The £15 million announced last week is a pittance, but at least, as a disappointed National Union of Teachers spokesman said, the principle has at last been conceded.

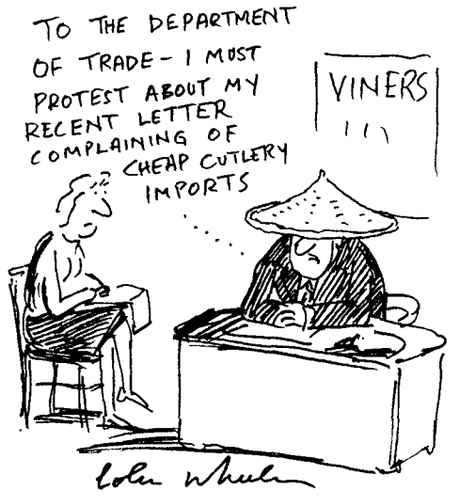
## Nobel Prize sought for pulpit power

*Christopher Hird writes:* Dennis Skinner and Nicholas Winterton have formed an alliance. The cause of this new force in politics is a Latin American Roman Catholic archbishop. Along with over 100 other MPs, including seven Cabinet ministers, Skinner and Winterton have signed a letter to the Nobel Committee in Oslo, nominating Archbishop Oscar Romero for the 1979 Nobel Peace Prize.

Romero, the Archbishop of San Salvador, capital of El Salvador in central America, certainly seems more deserving of the prize than some recipients of recent years. Although not much of a left-winger he has consistently spoken out – often from his pulpit – against the arbitrary arrests, torture and killings which are almost daily occurrences in his desperately poor country in which two per cent of the population own almost two-thirds of the land. In a continent in which Roman Catholic dignitaries normally side with the ruling class, such behaviour has earned Romero his fair share of vilification. Newspapers, who do not report his sermons, brand him as an insane subversive who 'sells his soul to the Devil'.

## Contradictions in the industrial stategy

*John Withington writes*: The Government is considering the approaches of the latest British industry which wants protection against imports: the cutlery manufacturers are campaigning for a 5 per cent reduction in stainless steel cutlery imports from outside the EEC. One of the trade associations involved, the Cutlery and Silverware Association of the United Kingdom, recently warned: 'Unless the Government of the day is prepared to take action, one more British manufacturing industry will go to the wall.' The president of that association, and one of the prime movers in the campaign is Brian Viner, but the odd thing is that his firm, Viners of Sheffield, is itself one of the leading importers of the stainless steel cutlery from the Far East, which has virtually killed off the home-produced item. When asked how he reconciles the roles of battler against imports and leading importer, Mr Viner speaks of 'wearing two separate hats'. As Viners themselves sell up to 20 per cent of the imported stainless steel cutlery coming into this country, there might seem to be more direct ways of cutting back than asking the Government for help. But, wearing his Viners hat, Mr Viner vigorously defends his company's policies: 'The profits we make selling the imported low-priced products are ploughed back into the business and help us to develop the manufacture of Sheffield-made products.'




His attitude is not uncommon. In many industries affected by imports, manufacturers seem increasingly to be hedging their bets. The British Footwear Manufacturers Federation has for years been making representations about low-cost imports, but many of its members now import as well as manufacture. The Ward White Group, makers of John White footwear among others, are quite open about their reasons for importing: 'If we don't sell them, somebody else will', says chairman George McWatters. They say that they use imported shoes only to supplement their range, and that in this way they ensure that their company remains profitable and their workers remain in work. Unlike the thousands in the shoe industry who lost their jobs while imports took half the market.

The Government, of course, has its strategy to revive British industry, promote exports and hold back imports. Its key weapons are the sector working parties covering 50 industries. The one on domestic appliances identified one of its problems as 'large quantities of imported products being sold in the home market under the brand names of UK manufacturers and retailers'. The chairman of that sector working party is Keith Miller, who, as chief executive of Thorn Domestic Appliances, imports various appliances, mainly from Italy, to sell under Thorn brand names. Mr Miller claims that Thorn have invested more in the industry in this country than any other manufacturer, and that he has persuaded foreign manufacturers to buy things like microwave cookers and tumble driers from Thorn in return for the products he takes from them. He sees only a 'minimal contradiction' in his dual function.

## Cover Story

The absence of a leader from our front page this week does not signify any lack of opinions on the part of the NS. We simply wanted to give maximum exposure to the fraudulent nature of the work of Sir Cyril Burt, the scientific trickster whose life story is told on page 688.

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**Free Speech**

# CBI's head still firmly in the sand

It is not much, you might think, to ask companies to consider the interests of their employees. But it is apparently a good deal too much for the Confederation of British Industry. Taking a line from a Tory proposal in 1973 the government's new Companies Bill seeks to place on directors an obligation to 'have regard to the interests of the company's employees as well as its shareholders.' The arguments for such a proposal are so familiar it is almost wearisome to go over them again: workers invest their livelihood in a business and play a key role in its success but rarely have any say at all in the important strategic decisions which affect their future employment.

The CBI, however, are squealing. They don't want employees to have a legal right to challenge every board decision, when they disagree with directors' commercial judgment. 'This will tend to kill the kind of entrepreneurial initiative we so badly need,' says the CBI spokesman. This not untypical over-reaction says a lot about the CBI's real attitudes. Businessmen often say in private that nowadays it is more important for them to look after their workers than their sleepy, inactive and ignorant shareholders. There are several examples to support this view, but the CBI reaction shows that what they cannot countenance is that this should be an obligation; that they should be held accountable by their workers.

Recently, some trade unionists in a large British company asked me to go and speak to them about company finance. Because the meeting was to be held on company property, the company's permission was necessary. When the finance director discovered that I was going to talk not about company finance in general but about his company in particular, using his company's publicly available accounts, the meeting was vetoed. Any worker who has tried to get detailed information about the enterprise for which he works knows that such attitudes are extremely common and that the law, despite claims to the contrary, is ill-equipped to do much about it. The CBI often go on about the 'right to manage,' which roughly translated, means 'the right to do what we want with the wealth the workers have created.' Whilst they seem so determined to hold this prehistoric view, why does the government treat them seriously?

**Christopher Hird**

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# The City's invisible invisibles

The City of London has run a successful public relations exercise showing how much it helps the balance of payments. The truth is rather different and the myth is potentially damaging for the British economy. **Adrian Ham** reports.

The City of London, we are often told, is an important earner of foreign exchange; in particular the banks are a major contributor to the United Kingdom's invisible earnings. This impression is factually erroneous, as I argue in evidence which forms part of the Fabian Society's submission to the Wilson Committee on The City. Earnings from financial services – banking, stockbroking, insurance, commodity trading and merchanting, – account for less than 3 per cent of total current account earnings. Many much less publicised industries do better than this and in some industries export earnings have grown faster than The City's in recent years. Foreign earnings per employee are higher in manufacturing industry than in The City – an industry widely canvassed as a British speciality, which, it is alleged, keeps the rest of the economy going.

Table 1, taken from the Balance of Payments 'Pink Book' shows the UK's export earnings, with a detailed breakdown of the earnings from invisible trade. We find that credits from banking (line f) – of £293m, are less than the export earnings which overseas students and journalists bring into the country (n). Indeed the entire financial sector's service earnings account for only 2.8 per cent of current account credits – much less than the earnings from shipping (7.2 per cent); travel and tourism (4.5 per cent) and, of course, the export of manufactures (54 per cent).

Discussion of Britain's invisible earnings almost completely ignores the work overseas of British architects, surveyors and engineers, which last year brought in over £618m (m). Moreover, growth in this sector has been staggering: no less than 636 per cent since 1970 and more than three times the growth of earnings from the financial service sector. Since there are so few foreign engineers, architects and surveyors working in this country, the 'net' contribution to our balance of payments from the construction account must be very close to the gross figure.

Department of Employment figures show that there are about 1,101,000 people employed in the UK financial sector, compared with 7,360,000 in the manufacturing sector. Thus, using the figures in Table 1 we discover that the gross foreign earnings per employee in manufacturing were roughly three times as much as in the financial sector. Although materials have to be imported to produce manufactures, it is clearly perilous to argue that the UK has an enormous relative advantage in the provision of financial services and so the health of manufacturing can be given a low priority. If we had to rely on the export earnings of bank services in 1977, they would have provided the UK with less than three days of imports of goods and services. The entire financial service sector would have kept us going for only 12 days.

And the case cannot be made out that the financial sector is growing particularly fast. In the last seven years the volume of financial exports has increased by just over a quarter, whilst the growth in the export of goods has been almost twice as high. Civil Aviation has managed an increase of four-fifths and earnings from travel and tourism have doubled. Again, like their colleagues in civil engineering, the workers in our airlines, hotels, restaurants and bed and breakfast establishments receive scant recognition for their work in a press which frequently pays tribute to The City's much smaller contribution to our foreign earnings.

In interpreting these figures, a small technical point needs disposing of. The Pink Book shows that the £1,372m contribution from financial services is a net figure – after deducting 'overseas payments'. Inquiry at the CSO and Bank of England make it clear that these items are extremely small and it is thus fair to treat the financial service credits as gross and therefore comparable with those for other industries.

Furthermore, it seems that the contribution from the banks is actually lower than the £293m shown in Table 1. It is fair to consider the banks' earnings from Interest Profits and Dividends (IPD) because the structure of the assets which earn this money is an area in which much of the banks' financial skill is exercised. An examination of Balance of Payments statistics shows that the net earnings of the banks from this source was in fact negative in 1977 at –£39m. One of the major reasons for this has been the recent expansion of overseas banks in London, which make payments to their parent companies back home, especially in America.

Other City institutions – notably the insurance sector – do rather better in the IPD field. Including the effect of this the net contribution of The City to the balance of payments came out at £1,747m in 1977 and is shown in a special table in the Pink Book. The lion's share of this total comes from insurance with earnings of £909m of which Lloyd's accounts for over a third.

No other export earner gets such treatment but it would be perfectly legitimate to produce a table for, say, the institutions producing road vehicles. These companies exported £2,870m worth of goods in 1977. They imported very few vehicles and not much in the way of raw materials: their labour, steel and energy is all predominantly British. It could well be argued, therefore, that their case for a special full page table in the Pink Book was as strong as that of The City – indeed three times as strong. Although

**United Kingdom Current Account 1977: Gross credits** 1

| Source | Value £ million | | As % of total current account credits |
|---|---|---|---|
| Services (Invisibles) | | | |
| a. Government | 234 | | 0.5 |
| b. Sea Transport | 3466 | | 7.2 |
| c. Civil Aviation | 1203 | | 2.5 |
| d. Travel & Tourism | 2179 | | 4.5 |
| e. Insurance | 575 | | 1.2 |
| f. Banking | 293 | | 0.6 |
| g. Commodity Trading | 109 | | 0.2 |
| h. Merchanting other goods | 120 | | 0.2 |
| i. Brokerage | 235 | | 0.5 |
| Solicitors | 40 | | 0.1 |
| **Total 'financial' services** | **1372** | | **2.8** |
| j. Commissions on Imports | 202 | | 0.4 |
| k. Royalties | 430 | | 0.9 |
| l. Services by UK branches to parent companies | 185 | | 0.4 |
| m. Earnings on construction overseas (engineers, architects, surveyors) | 618 | | 1.3 |
| n. Expenditure by overseas students and journalists | 309 | | 0.6 |
| o. Films and Television | 50 | | 0.1 |
| p. Other Services | 1016 | | 2.1 |
| **Total Services** | | **11264** | **23.3** |
| q. Total Interest, Profits, Dividends | | 4,089 | 8.5 |
| r. Total Transfers | | 782 | 1.6 |
| s. Total 'Invisibles' | | 16,135 | 33.4 |
| t. Total Exports of Goods | | 32,182 | 66.6 |
| u. of which, Manufactures | 26,080 | | 54 |
| v. TOTAL CURRENT ACCOUNT CREDITS | | 48,317 | 100 |

*Includes items e, f, g, h, i and Solicitors.

Source: United Kingdom Balance of Payments 1967-77, C.S.O.

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it is true that as a country we import a lot of road vehicles, this does not have any bearing on UK producers' performance as major exporters.

The City's success in presenting themselves as a major export earner is a great tribute to their public relations ability. They have a special Committee on Invisible Exports to sell this particular line. But they also have the Bank of England as a strong and active lobbyist with the government and civil service.

The implications of this are very serious. There is no evidence that the demand for financial services will grow faster than world economic activity: as nations get richer, they do not spend an increasing proportion of their income on financial services. Furthermore, London may find it difficult to compete with New York and Frankfurt which are underpinned by major economies with more favourable inflation rates and stronger currencies. London may be able to increase their share of the market if the £ is kept at an artificially high level, but the costs of this are very high. Earnings from tourism, for instance – a much more important foreign exchange earner than The City – are very sensitive to the level of the £. It would seem, therefore, high time the government put The City's special pleadings on various issues into its appropriate economic perspective and realised that the benefits of expanding manufacturing exports would be twentyfold those of an equal percentage gain in financial service exports.

**UK Balance of Payments: 'Net' contribution to current account. 1977.** 2

| | £m | |
|---|---|---|
| General Government | −788 | |
| Sea Transport | 21 | |
| Civil Aviation | 244 | |
| Travel | 1077 | |
| Other Services | 875 | |
| of which, Financial | | 1372 |
| Total Services, net | 2801 | |
| Interest, Profits, Dividends | 438 | |
| of which, Banks | | −39 |
| Net Transfers | −1127 | |
| **Trade, Visible** | | |
| Net: Manufacturers | +6172 | |
| Food, Beverages, Tobacco | −3302 | |
| Basic Materials | −2240 | |
| Mineral Fuels etc., | −2833 | |
| Other, non classified | +494 | |
| Total Current Balance: | −1709 | |

**Suzanne Cronje:**

# British death brings the radicalisation of Botswana

Warrant Officer Ompatile Tswaipe was acquitted in Botswana on 13 November of murdering a young British tourist, Nicholas Love, and two South Africans. The case, which had been brought as the result of heavy pressure from London and Pretoria, has already created serious political trouble for President Seretse Khama, and it looks like having important strategic repercussions for Botswana's white neighbours, South Africa and Rhodesia.

Love was not a package-tour holiday-maker. He had been to Gordonstoun School with Prince Andrew, and to fill in time before entering Sandhurst he went on a working holiday to a white ranch in the Tuli Block in Botswana, on the border with Rhodesia. This is where he was picked up at the end of March by Tswaipe's patrol which was investigating reports that Rhodesian troops had infiltrated across the border. The two South Africans rounded up at the same time were Bill de Beer, a farm manager who had been interviewed some time previously by Botswana security, and Mike Arden, a game warden, subsequently described in the South African press as having had 'strong ties with the South African police'.

According to a Botswana government statement immediately after the incident, the three men were shot and killed in an escape bid, when one of them snatched a rifle from one of the guards. Among other things, their personal effects included a pair of South African police-issue binoculars belonging to Arden, and Arden's diaries which, President Khama's secretary said, showed 'that the men were keeping track of military movements'.

In view of Love's background it is not surprising that the news of his death generated heated Conservative reactions in Westminster. Some backbenchers dismissed Botswana's version of events out of hand; David Owen was reviled; there were demands for an end to British aid for Botswana. The Foreign Office issued assurances that the High Commissioner in Gaborone was in close touch with developments. In April Love's father told reporters in Johannesburg that the British government was putting strong pressure on Botswana to set up an investigation. In May President Khama, on an official visit to Britain, formally cleared Love's name by assuring James Callaghan that a police investigation had shown that Love had not been involved in any illegal or subversive activities while in Botswana. But the pressure for further action continued; the Tories were clearly set on revenge. In August Tswaipe was charged with murder.

To the people of Botswana this willingness of their government to appease those most hostile to black African aspirations was the last straw. While it was generally recognised that Botswana's geographic position and economic dependence on South Africa limited its scope for action, resentment at the extent of the government's collaboration with the white minority regimes had grown in proportion to the intensity of the conflict in Rhodesia and the frequency of Rhodesian border incursions. Only a month before Love and the others had been arrested, 15 Botswana soldiers had been killed in a Rhodesian ambush. Most people regarded the vigilance displayed by Tswaipe's platoon as admirable; and if the three white captives were suspected of what might be called active sympathy with Ian Smith, this was not surprising. A fourth man – a South African who had stayed with Love and de Beer on the Tuli Block farm – was being held in Gaborone by the immigration authorities who said he had been trying to cross the border to join the Rhodesian Army.

Protests at Tswaipe's arrest started early in September. Students demonstrated with placards reading, 'Release Tswaipe now. We need him for the protection of our borders'. Police moved in with batons and tear-gas and arrested 300 students, eight of whom were later expelled. The police stopped protest marches by other groups; for instance the trade unions were refused permission to demonstrate. Foreign Minister Archer Mogwe blamed the opposition party, the Botswana National Front, for organising the 'illegal' demonstrations, and President Khama said he was not prepared to allow the opposition 'to ride to power on a wave of bloodshed at the end of which tyranny would inevitably descend on us all'.

Witnesses at the trial claimed that orders regarding the prosecution had come directly from the President's office. Most of the prosecution witnesses admitted in court that the statements they had made about the alleged murders were false and had been made on higher orders. In acquitting Tswaipe last week the Botswana Chief Justice, Mr Hayfron-Benjamin (a Ghanaian) said that the charges against the accused had been 'grievously extreme', and that the prosecution had fallen seriously short of producing adequate evidence.

There is no doubt that the acquittal is a serious political blow to President Khama's administration, and that it will strengthen the militants who want tougher policies and support for liberation movements. The trial has also exacerbated the friction between the 19-months old Botswana Defence Force and the more conservative police, which until recently were responsible for border security. The BDF backed Tswaipe, and therefore the students and other protesters against the trial. Brigadier Ian Khama, the president's son, who is second-in-command of the BDF, seems to be in sympathy with his men: there have been reports of open animosity between him and certain cabinet members. The massive BDF enlistment drive this month, coinciding as it did with the Tswaipe case, will probably strengthen the army's radical tendencies.

The Rhodesians have claimed for some months (though probably falsely) that the BDF has assisted Patriotic Front guerrillas. But at the end of October South African guerrillas were reported to have crossed from Botswana into the Transvaal, where they clashed with South African security forces. This week the South Africans claimed that they had captured 23 Pan Africanist Congress guerrillas who had infiltrated from Botswana. As a result of the Tswaipe trial the regimes in Salisbury and Pretoria may have to face a serious threat along an extended border which both hitherto judged safe, at least in President Khama's lifetime.

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# Godfrey Hodgson: America comes to aid British MPs

People in Britain have long been in the habit of taking it for granted that Americans, either officially or privately, can be counted on to help to provide us with services we are either unable or unwilling to pay for ourselves. At one extreme of importance, for a generation we have come to expect the United States to assure our defence. At the other, let the roof on an ancient building fall into disrepair, or let a work of art be exposed for sale by some necessitous heir, and the first instinct is to see whether help will be forthcoming from the United States. Still, it comes as something of a surprise to learn that members of Parliament, unwilling to vote funds for research assistance to do their job, are being subsidised by private American citizens. Yet in the past two years approximately 100 American undergraduates have paid for the privilege of working as research assistants to British MPs.

Only 330 backbench members of Parliament – or slightly over one-half – have a secretary to help them at Westminster. (Altogether 528 MPs currently collect the allowance paid to employ a secretary somewhere, either at Westminster, in their constituency, or at home.) While according to Major Victor Lefanu, the assistant Serjeant-at-Arms, there is now 'a writing place in an office for every Member of Parliament who wants one', and only 30-40 MPs prefer to be unencumbered by any kind of office. Only 187 MPs – not counting the 70-odd ministers – have a room of their own to work in, and that is a vast improvement on the situation before the two Norman Shaw buildings were opened over the past few years. The best estimate is that 'about 200' MPs only at any one time employ some kind of research assistant. There are passes for no more than 150 at any one time to work in the House of Commons library. So the 25-30 American students who could be found working as research assistants at most times over the past two years constitute a significant proportion of all research help available to MPs; and – given their inexperience – are a striking demonstration of how desperate many conscientious backbenchers are for this kind of help.

The initiative for importing American students in bulk for this purpose came from Bruce George, Labour MP for Walsall South. 'I've been to America and spent a number of days looking at a Congressman's office,' George told me, 'and if there is to be one major reform in Parliament it is that we should have more effective staff.'

George met an Englishman called Terence Foster, who runs the British operation of an American not-for-profit corporation called Educational Program Abroad Inc (EPA) out of offices in London and Hurstpierpoint, near Brighton.

The first group of students to work in the House of Commons was arranged by EPA on behalf of the University of Rochester in New York State. By arrangement with the Serjeant-at-Arms the maximum number participating was fixed at 30. About five times as many students apply for each place in the programme, and about twice as many MPs apply for students as there are students available.

EPA also manages another programme on behalf of the Catholic University of Washington, which sent 25 students in May 1977 and the same number this May. The students must work in the House for a three-month semester to earn credit towards their degree, so it is not usually possible to fit in a batch in the autumn. Nevertheless some 8 students came to work in the House this September and another 30 are expected in January.

I went to discuss this arrangement with Major Lefanu, assistant Serjeant-at-Arms, who received me in his usual working duds; knee-breeches, black stockings, silver buckled shoes and a lawn ruff. A handsome sword was lying casually on a side table. Major Lefanu pointed out that in the sixteen years he has worked at the House, the number of secretaries there has risen from 80 to 330, and that no research passes at all were issued until some four or five years ago. With around 2,000 people working in the Palace of Westminster, he said, 'speaking as an accommodations officer,' he did not think it would be possible to provide much more research assistance.

In a brief debate on research assistants in the House on 29 June this year, John Wells, the Conservative MP for Maidstone deplored what he called 'the great new industry which has spawned in the last two years involving members' research assistants.' Wells went on: 'Very few of them are British citizens. They are a damned nuisance, and the sooner we get rid of them the better.'

One does not have to share those xenophobic sentiments to wonder whether it is a good thing for MPs to be driven to get help from American undergraduates. First of all, these are in the main *under*graduates, not graduate students, and while most MPs who have used them praise them for their pleasantness and hard work, in the nature of things they are usually both inexperienced and ignorant of British politics and of the administrative problems which MPs have to sort out for their constituents. Bruce George says that one of his students did a very useful piece of work on the private security industry, and another did a 'superb' study of Walsall. But another MP said the boy who is working for him, while willing, knows absolutely nothing about Britain. A third MP pointed out that just when the students are beginning to understand enough about the system to be effective, they go home.

It can be questioned whether it is altogether consonant with the dignity of the House that it should employ – generally unpaid – foreign students to do a job which it is not willing to vote money for. The students or their parents pay a semester fee of around $2,200-2,400, which in the case of those recruited by the University of Rochester is less than they would pay for a full semester in the US. As Bruce George himself put it, 'It's not ideal that we have to take American college kids. Their parents are working in bars over there to subsidise their kids who are subsidising the British political system. But it's better than nothing.'

## Oilgate notebook

■ One of the curious facts unearthed by Bingham was that HMG had had no contacts with the oil companies over Rhodesia from 1969 to 1976. Certainly there were important developments worth discussing during this period. The 1973 oil crisis sparked off an Arab embargo against South Africa. Mozambique's independence led to the withdrawal of the Beira Patrol. Britain had two changes of government.

HMG was not reluctant to tell other governments, through the United Nations, to keep track of their oil companies. In 1974 the Government discovered that a Rhodesian firm called Master Stores Ltd. was 'actively seeking to purchase crude oil'. Britain went on to request UN members to 'advise any exporters of crude oil operating in their territories of the activities of Master Stores'. Yet it appears that HMG hadn't bothered to inform the British oil companies – although Shell and BP were actually the major shareholders in the Rhodesian refinery which would have had to process the Master Stores' crude. And, if diligent British investigators had managed to uncover the fact that a Rhodesian company (Master Stores) was trying to break into the market, then why were they unable to discover that a British firm (Shell Mozambique) was actually supplying half of Rhodesia's oil?

■ Dr Jeremy Bray broke parliamentary etiquette during the Commons debate on Bingham when he committed the ungentlemanly deed of naming names. He pointed out that Bingham had chronicled the role of the middle-level civil servants. But who was really responsible for the laxity displayed by the Ministry of Power in its attempt to cut Rhodesia's oil?

Bray's experience as Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Power suggested that it had been Angus Beckett who had 'deliberately blocked information going to Ministers'. Bray added that Beckett's view was that 'whatever was good for the oil companies was good for Britain . . . he was so obviously in the pocket of the oil companies that I do not think that they had any respect for him'. On retirement he was appointed chairman of William Press, the North Sea oil contractors. Evidence published in the Bingham Report does not suggest that Beckett acted incorrectly. Nevertheless, in view of Bray's allegations, it is clear that one of the key areas which must be investigated by a post-Bingham inquiry is the relationship between key civil servants and the oil companies.

**Martin Bailey**

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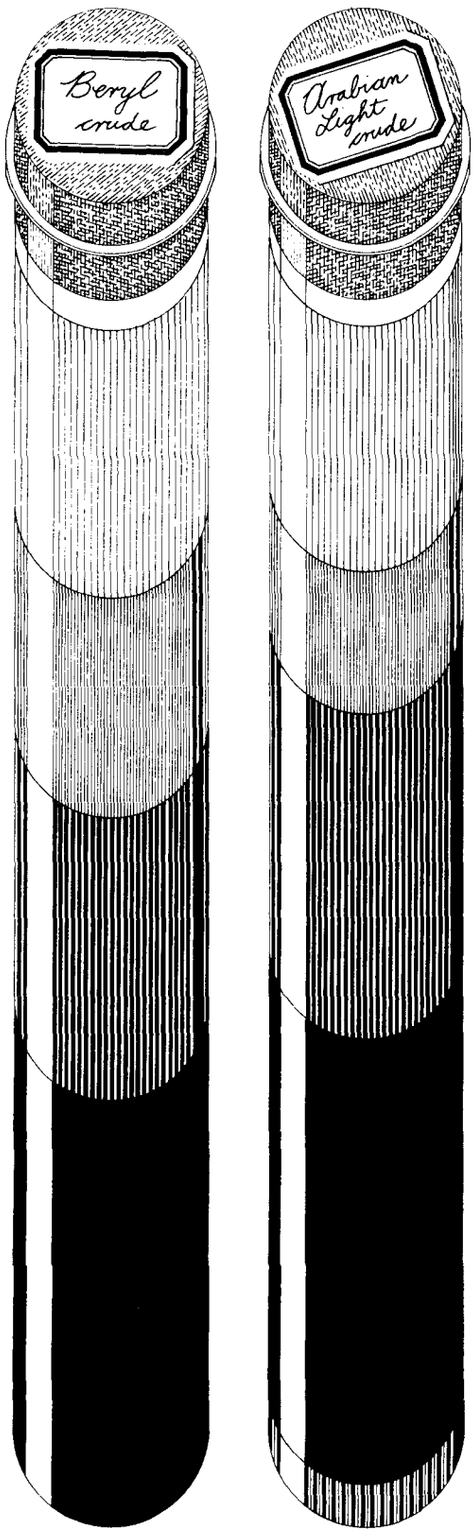
# British is not necessarily best.




Definitely top quality of course—this tube of British crude oil from our Beryl field in the North Sea. Formed probably 150 million years ago, it was brought up from oil-bearing rock 10,000 feet below the waters by Mobil and our partners in Beryl. Thin and sweet, it has the rich brown colour of strong tea. Excellent stuff. Unique in fact.

But so is every other crude oil. No two oils, like no two persons, are ever identical. Some are thick and others thin, some sour and others sweet. Some are slow and viscous, others smooth as wax. Some look black, some brown, some darkish red, some green, some the colour of pale blonde hair.

No one oil is 'best'. Each—like the two we compare here—has its own peculiar role and virtues. Each will more readily yield a particular range of products. So the challenge is to process both in an oil refinery which has been designed to bring out the best in each.

Beside the tube of Beryl crude oil we've placed a tube from a well in Saudi Arabia. It is quite similar to Beryl crude. But there are small, rather significant differences.

The Arabian crude is slightly heavier, more asphaltic, a bit thicker and almost imperceptibly darker. It's more sour than the Beryl: it contains more sulphur.

Suppose we now take each of these oils and refine them to an equal extent, to 'cut' the crude oil into its various valuable parts. You can see the result of this process on each tube.

Since Beryl crude is lighter, it produces more petrol and more jet fuel. Arabian crude on the other hand is excellent for lubricants, which cannot at present be produced commercially from Beryl crude. Arabian crude is also fine for heavy fuels and bitumen.

The score sheet: both oils, excellent; neither best.

So it's sensible to import Arabian crude for the products it makes best. That way we can make the most favourable impact on the UK balance of payments. We minimize costly imports of refined products and we can export any surpluses — like high value lubricants from Arabian crude, and petrol from Beryl crude.

Under present conditions our refinery at Coryton in Essex can convert less than a quarter of every barrel of crude oil into petrol. And while fuel oil, heating oil and diesel fuel are of value, none is as valuable as petrol. The refinery is now being modified to increase by 60% the amount of petrol which can be refined from each barrel. A £120 million project is under way to construct a new Fluid Catalytic Cracker (FCC) and related equipment. When the new FCC unit is installed, we'll be able to 'upgrade the barrel'—to make an extra 800,000 gallons of petrol a day from the same amount of crude run.

Modifying Coryton Refinery means more export capacity and an improvement in Britain's balance of payments of between £35 million and £45 million a year.

British oil, as we've said, is not necessarily best for every product. But developments like the FCC will enable us to make the best possible use of *every* barrel we refine.

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The life and deceptive times of the man who 'invented' the eleven-plus

# Sir Cyril Burt and the great IQ fraud

ALL OUR LIVES were decisively affected by the psychological doctrines of Sir Cyril Burt. He claimed to prove that mental abilities are inborn, easily measured, and concentrated in the higher social classes of the white community. The 1944 Education Act and the 'eleven-plus' exam were based explicitly on Burt's statistical work. The principles they established – of educational selectivity and segregation – remain influential inside the comprehensive system, and provide much of the ideological thrust behind the movements which seek to preserve grammar schools and independent schools. Burt was a central figure in the 'Black Paper' group, claiming that modern education produces an erosion of intellectual standards. As he was educational psychologist to the LCC (knighted in 1946), it seemed natural that he should produce overwhelming amounts of research data: his chair at University College and his merciless debating technique made him an opponent few social scientists cared to challenge. In Burt's analysis – expressed in a famous paper, *Intelligence and Social Mobility* – the class system appears as the economic reflection of a genetically-determined order of human merit.

Burt died in 1971. Two years ago, doubts were expressed about the authenticity of the studies of separated identical twins on which he rested much of his hereditarian case. Even passionate admirers like Professor Arthur Jensen now admit that Burt's twin-studies are scientifically worthless: less sympathetic investigators think the odds are that Burt simply fabricated them. But because of the difficulty of proving negatives, the deficient twin-studies are not final evidence of fraud.

Now, Professor D. D. Dorfman of Iowa has dissected *Intelligence and Social Mobility*, which purports to be based on the records of 40,000 London families – and, by mathematical detective-work, has demonstrated both the fraudulence of the results, and the actual means of fabrication that Burt employed (see facing page). Sir Cyril takes his place alongside the manufacturers of the Piltdown Skull: here, OLIVER GILLIE, who investigated the twin-studies for the *Sunday Times*, tells the story of Burt's life-long obsession with the business of race and class.

This is more than a tale of human eccentricity, for Burt was one of the men who shaped our society. It is a case-study in the vulnerability of scientifically-incompetent policy-makers to a plausible trickster who tells them what they want to hear.

ONCE, NO PRAISE seemed too high for Cyril Burt. Professor John Cohen, a student under Burt, called him 'an illustrious scholar, a polymath of Renaissance dimensions'. Another of his students, Professor Hans Eysenck, said Burt was 'probably Great Britain's most outstanding psychologist in the years between the wars'. Professor Arthur Jensen, composing an obituary, wrote that Burt's

> sharp intellect and vast erudition . . . together leave a total impression of immense quality, of a born nobleman.

Now that Burt is accepted as a fraud, these superlatives require to be explained. Why did psychologists, educationalists and civil servants let him get away with it for so long? – for any reasonably careful inspection shows Burt's work to be careless, riddled with implausibilities, and inadequately documented. As late as 1977, after the *Sunday Times* had exposed Burt's famous work on identical twins as valueless or worse, Professor Cohen wrote in furious defence:

> 'Sloppy' is the very last word one would use for the precise and punctilious Burt.

The impression of precision was perhaps generated by his deadly facility in criticising others' work, and his immense skill with language. Eysenck says of Burt that he had no mercy with anyone who

> departed in any way from the highest standards of accuracy and logical consistency . . . he could tear to ribbons anything shoddy or inconsistent.

Clearly, attack was the best form of defence.

A large capacity for rhetoric, manipulation and intellectual bluffing games – together with a grave and courtly manner – assisted in elevating Burt to the psychological pantheon. He started almost at the top in 1912, when the old LCC appointed him as the world's first educational pyschologist.

Still, more is needed to explain the superlatives. Of course, psychology was a young science when Burt began, and he was among the first dozen people who made something of it. He was a powerful lecturer, of the sort that growing institutions needed to satisfy a growing army of students. But Jensen's use of the phrase 'born nobleman' provides the clue to another need that Burt satisfied. The young science of psychology was greatly influenced by the eugenics movement. And society at large was more than ready to hear of 'scientific' work that concerned itself with a threat to the 'nobler' classes from rapid increase in the numbers of the working class.

BURT HIMSELF had impeccable white, Anglo-Saxon Protestant ancestry. His father, a doctor with a small chemist's shop, was a Congregationalist. Burt wrote, in an autobiographical essay written in 1951:

> . . . my parents were firm believers in heredity . . . Basically, I was reminded, I was a curious mixture of Angle, Saxon and Celt, and from earliest years was warned to avoid the well-known defects of each, and to cultivate their redeeming qualities.

His mother was Welsh, and she always

> feared that I might develop the failings of the Celt, particularly the 'irresponsible artistic temperament' of her brother.

Is Burt offering here an explanation of his own deviousness? Certainly he offered a hereditary explanation for his claim to mathematical ability. He said his father's mother traced her family back to Sir Isaac Barrow, Newton's mathematical tutor.

Given this background, it is not surprising that Burt's research was influenced at the start of his career in the 1900s by the ideas of eugenics – the 'science' of race improvement by selective breeding. Before Hitler, they were eminently respectable: Winston Churchill was an advocate, and so were many important biologists. Burt knew Darwin's cousin Francis Galton, the principal founder of eugenics, and acknowledged the influence of Galton's ideas.

He took a second in 'Greats' – essentially, a course in ancient history and moral philosophy – at Oxford in 1905. He then took a teacher's diploma before obtaining the John Locke scholarship in mental philosophy, which enabled him to spend some months at the University of Würzburg. In 1908, he acquired a post under the physiologist Sir Charles Sherrington – also a eugenicist – at Liverpool.

In 1912, he published a paper with R. C. Moore (later to be chief education officer in Hull) wherein he compared mental tests of 'Liverpool slum boys' with 'Oxford preparatory boys'. Mental tests in those days were physiological, and Burt was really testing their sensory ability. The language he used is startling to a modern ear, for he said that having tested 'over a thousand children' he obtained results consistent with 'investigations about savage and civilised races'. He also reflected upon sexual differences, concluding that

> In the adult man the cortex tends to appear more completely organised and in the adult woman the thalamus . . . the mental life of man is predominantly cortical, that of woman predominantly thalamic.

Men, he said, were like Teutons, and women like Mediterraneans.

At the LCC, his principal task was testing backward children to decide which ones should be sent to special schools. Charles Spearman, reader in experimental psychology at University College London – already a major figure – was influential in obtaining him the post, writing that Burt was 'considered by most experts to be the most brilliant and promising of all the younger generation of psychologists in the British Isles . . .'

Burt was appointed over the man who was being groomed for the job, a psychologist and LCC schools inspector named W. H. Winch. Their personalities were in sharp contrast, for Winch was modest and retiring: a further

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# How Sir Cyril cooked the books

**PROFESSOR DORFMAN's exposé of Burt fills 10 pages of the American journal Science*: a dense mathematical argument, based in part on a specially-written computer programme. Its essence, however, can be stated plainly. Dorfman welds all the queries aimed against Intelligence and Social Mobility into one coherent investigation.**

**Burt claims to compare the intelligence of 40,000 pairs of fathers and sons (members of six social classes) drawn over 50 years from one London borough and said to be 'representative' of Britain as a whole. This appeared as the unique product of a life's-work in the London education service. But, Dorfman points out, Burt never explains how one borough in a changing city could stay 'representative' for 50 years. Worse, although Burt implies that the children were given formal, uniform IQ tests, he provides no details. He is even vaguer about the parents, failing to say whether their intelligence was tested, or merely estimated: nor does he demonstrate that his division into social classes was objective. He concedes, indeed, that 'the data are . . . crude and limited'. Dorfman then compares this rough-and-ready methodology with the uncanny precision of Burt's 'results'.**

**Burt's figures in the 1961 paper purport to show how the intelligence of the father-child pairs corresponded with their social class, and with heredity. A series of tables set out the numbers of adults or children of given intelligence in each of the six classes. On these tables, a number of important propositions were based. Dorfman showed that the 'data' relied on by Burt fitted theory so well as to be quite impossible in the real world. By painstaking analysis of other studies Dorfman showed that each and every figure in the tables must have been a fabrication.**

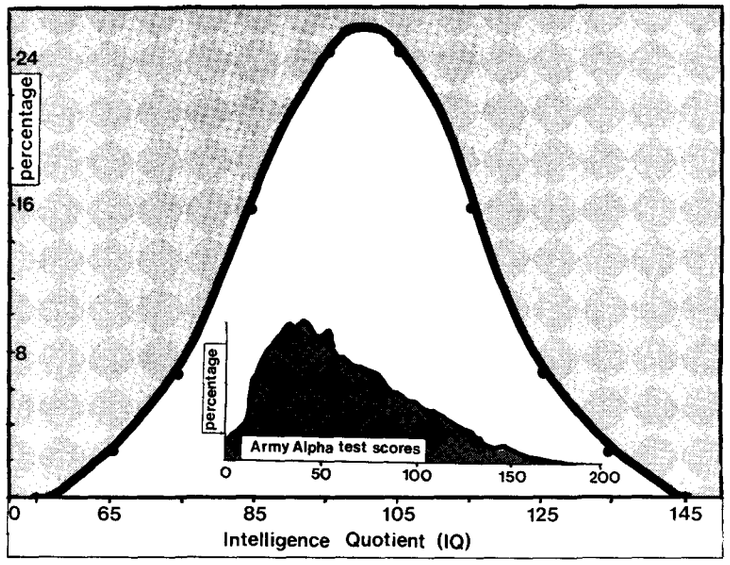
**His suspicions were first aroused by the overall distribution of intelligence of the persons 'examined' in Burt's tables. The overall distribution corresponds exactly to a well known statistical curve, called the normal distribution, often found in the natural sciences. But Burt's experimental results were remarkable — the distribution of intelligence in his sample, both for adults and children, matched this distribution more closely than any other investigation before or since. Such a close correspondence was all the more remarkable since IQ is not normally found to have a 'normal' distribution. (see diagram). After extensive computer analysis of other studies of such features as height, weight and IQ, Dorfman found that the Burt figures had the closest correspondence to theory of any anthropometric research in history, and that, beyond reasonable doubt, his figures did not match the distribution of IQ found in real life.**

**A SIMILAR situation arose with overall figures for social classes, which ranged from 'highest type of professional' to 'unskilled labourers', and so on. The distribution of Burt's population sample between the six classes corresponded almost exactly with figures he and a colleague had published 35 years before. It was astonishing that with 'crude and limited' methods, the grouping of the population sampled over 50 years was found to correspond so closely with 1926 measurements. Even if social classes in Britain had not changed over the period, the likelihood of an exact match of the type Burt reported was less than 1 in 100,000.**

**Given that the distributions of both general intelligence and social class in Burt's figures are, 'beyond reasonable doubt', invented, then his entire data in that section must in fact be a 'systematic construction', Dorfman concludes. The invented data is used to support a genetic theory of social class.**

**IT IS WORTH reviewing other aspects of Dorfman's report, which shake the foundations of most of the work done on intelligence, heredity and social class. One of Burt's results was an astonishing exact proof of the 'regression to the mean' of intelligence. This result would be expected if IQ was inherited, and means that, in general, parents of above average intelligence would have children who were less intelligent, but still above average. Children of dull parents would be brighter than their parents, but still below average. Since the average IQ is by definition 100, parents with IQ's of 130 might be expected to have children with IQ's of 115 — halfway back to the 100 mean. Burt's figures showed this pattern with uncanny precision, both in the overall figures, and in each separate social class. The 'regression coefficient' in each case was exactly 50%. For such precise results to emerge in support of the theory of inherited intelligence is astonishing; given Burt's remarks on the crude (and unspecified) nature of his observations, it is like claiming successful dissection of bacteria with a meat axe.**

**Burt reclassified the same data to show a correspondence between social class and intelligence in each generation — 'demonstrating' mobility. After re-arrangement to match the six social classes, Burt's IQ figures still showed an absolutely identical distribution for both parents and children: the possibility of such a real-life co-incidence is effectively nil.**




*All of Burt's IQ 'results' – represented by blobs – fell on a 'normal distribution curve' so perfect that it must have been manufactured from theoretical assumptions: nothing like it could have resulted in real life, and certainly not from the vague and imprecise observations that Burt (pictured above) described. Inset: the typically jagged, asymmetric results which resulted from genuine IQ tests conducted for the US Army.*

*Journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Vol 201, No 4362.

contrast is that Winch's work remains impeccable by modern standards. Consistently, over the next few years, Burt followed well behind Winch in doing original research, but with equal consistency did much better in making a reputation for himself.

In the years just before the First World War, Alfred Binet's pioneering methods of intelligence-testing were being introduced to Britain from France (the most familiar form of IQ test is still essentially Binet's). Drs Gillian Sutherland and Stephen Sharp of Cambridge have shown that Burt's 1914 paper on the Binet system closely followed an earlier publication by Winch. In 1917, Burt's paper on reasoning tests covered much the same ground as Winch had covered in 1911. Yet Burt's work was cited five times more often than Winch's in the *British Journal of Psychology*.[1]

Burt's claim was that over the next few years he built up a vast body of data by incessant visits to schools and discussions with teachers: in particular that he began to acquire his unique collection of records of identical twins separately raised (showing, he said, that intelligence was determined by inheritance). In a 1951 bibliography, he stated that he had written seven reports, supposedly published by the LCC publishers, King and Son. But the firm's records only confirm the existence of one report, which is not concerned with twin studies.

Whether or not Burt was doing any real investigation, his ideas were becoming more sharply defined. He came under the influence of Sir Ronald Fisher (1890-1962), holder of the Galton Chair of Eugenics at University College, and of the Balfour Chair at Cambridge. Fisher made fundamental contributions to genetics, showing how Mendelian theories – which explain the inheritance of discrete characteristics, such as roundness in peas – could be used to account for a characteristic like height in humans, which varies along a continuous spectrum. From the work which Fisher began to publish in 1918 there developed concepts of heritability which have been unquestionably useful when applied to animal breeding – but exceptionally controversial when applied to human affairs by Burt and followers of his such as Eysenck and Jensen.

Fisher was an ardent eugenicist. He founded the Cambridge University Undergraduates Eugenics Society in 1911, and Dr Bernard Norton of Leicester, who has examined the Society's minutes, reports that Fisher urged the membership to regard themselves as 'agents of a new phase of evolution', who would spread

> not by precept only, but by example, the doctrine of a new natural ability of worth and blood.[2]

This sentiment was inspired by Galton's proposal that eugenics should give

> the most suitable races or strains of blood a better chance of prevailing speedily over the less suitable.

[1]Article to appear in a forthcoming issue of *History of Science*.
[2]*New Scientist* 27 April, 1978, p.223.

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Fisher, acknowledging the eugenic pioneer-work of Charles Darwin's son Leonard, saw his task as providing a mathematical definition of heritability in order to silence those who argued that environmental inequalities might influence human capability. Burt, in his turn, acknowledged a debt to Fisher, particularly in a 1956 paper in which he claimed to calculate, from observations of IQ among relatives, the proportion of IQ deriving from inheritance.

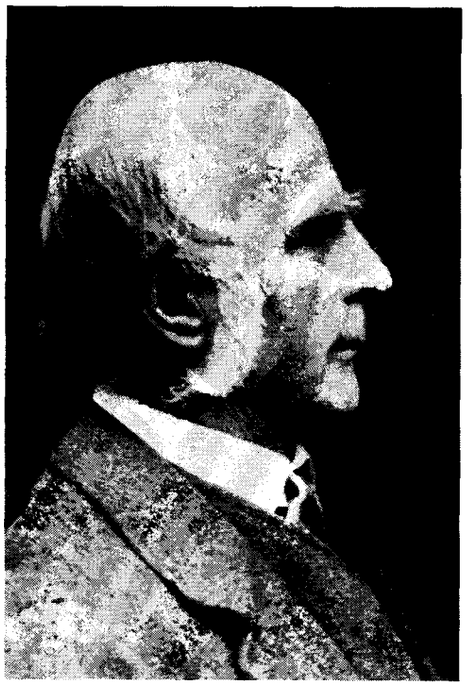
But he was not always so scrupulous about acknowledgment. Charles Spearman introduced him to 'factor analysis', a statistical technique designed to enable a wide variety of observations to be expressed in terms of a single factor, or small group of factors. (Spearman thought he had isolated a single general factor of intelligence, governing all mental abilities, and labelled it '*g*'.) Burt published under his own name the details of statistical method which Spearman – interested almost entirely in results – had neglected to publish. As late as 1956 Burt, editing a paper for the *British Journal of Statistical Psychology,* added without the author's approval a footnote claiming a particular technique of Spearman's as an invention of his own. After Spearman's death, Burt aggrandised himself by removing from the next edition of his books, *Factors of the Mind* and *The Backward Child*, most of the references to Spearman. Douglas Vincent, of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, who has investigated the history of statistical method in psychology, says of Burt:

> I have no very high opinion of his ability as a research worker or of his integrity.

BUT DEFICIENT INTEGRITY never slowed Burt's career. In 1924 he became a professor at the college which is now London's Institute of Education. He was responsible for writing large sections of the Wood Report (1929[3]); which set a 25-year pattern for education and care of the mentally retarded. The chief cause of educational retardation, he stated, was 'inborn inferiority of general intelligence'. Burt's arguments carried a progressive veneer, because their mathematical logic implied that some working-class children would be cleverer than their parents[4]: but his recommendations confirmed the policy of rigid segregation of those decreed to be 'subnormal', with punitive sanctions against heterosexual associations which might produce children and so degrade the race. The policy continues to be influential.

In 1931 he succeeded to Spearman's chair at University College, and began to make popular broadcasts, often based on eugenic models, expounding the workings of the mind and the causes of crime. His ideas became more and more influential in public policy: particularly in the debate over educational reform, leading up to the 1944 Education Act. A long paper from Burt was incorporated into the Spens Report of 1938[5], and one passage of it was italicised:

> *Intellectual development during childhood appears to progress as if it were governed by a single central factor usually known as 'general intelligence', which may be broadly described as innate all-round intellectual ability. It appears to enter into everything which the child attempts to think, or say, or do, and seems on the whole to be the most important factor in determining his work in the classroom.*



*Sir Francis Galton (left) was the founder of 'eugenics' – the 'science' of race-improvement – and exerted a decisive intellectual influence on the young Cyril Burt. From Sir Charles Spearman (right) Burt took over, and modified, the idea that all human intellectual capacities were related to a single 'general factor of intelligence'.*

The Spens report concluded that there should be three types of school, for children with different innate abilities: grammar, technical and secondary modern. The 1944 Act enshrined these divisive, hierarchical principles: their influence survives, in the form of 'banding' and in the examination system, even where comprehensive reforms have been successful. In many parts of the country the structure Burt advocated is little, if at all, changed. In 1946, he was knighted for his services.

Partly because of the horrific example of Nazism, and partly because of the rise of competitive theories of environmental influence, eugenic and hereditarian ideas were thrown somewhat on the defensive during the post-war years. Burt appeared as their ablest, and most prolific defender. The findings he produced – largely, we now know, forged – did not point to any entirely new conclusions. But they appeared to be more extensive – he could claim, of course, the facilities of one of the world's biggest education authorities – to overcome knotty problems of methodology, and to suggest unequivocal answers where others saw ambiguity. Writing in the *British Journal of Educational Psychology* (1943) Burt said that

> In discussions on post-war reconstruction one of the commonest demands is for 'equal educational opportunities for all'. There is a widespread impression that the children of the poor generally, or . . . the brightest children among the poor, are at present prevented by economic handicaps from enjoying the fuller and higher type of education which children from richer homes can secure simply by paying fees . . .What proportion of the non-fee-paying population are really capable of profiting by higher education? What proportion of these actually fail to obtain it?

Setting out to answer these questions, Burt made an 'initial assumption that the higher IQs found among children of the fee-paying classes really represent inborn differences partly inherited from parents who themselves owe their superior incomes to their superior mental efficiency'. He claimed to find support for the assumption through studies of orphans and adopted children: when, among them, an unusually high IQ was observed 'we commonly learned later on that the child was the illegitimate offspring of a father belonging to a superior social class.' Among the references he cited were his early LCC reports, which seem never to have existed.

This 1943 paper also introduces the mysterious 'Miss J. Conway' central to Burt's famous work on separated identical twins. In 1943 Burt only claimed 15 pairs of twins: by 1955 he was saying that Conway's help had increased this to 21. In 1957, it was up to 30, and by 1958 Conway – also responsible, supposedly, for the statistical computations – had brought it to 42. In 1966, the total reached 53, the world's largest sample of an extremely elusive phenomenon. Yet Burt told his housekeeper, Grete Archer, and others that Conway had emigrated sometime before 1950 (when Miss Archer joined Burt) and so the source of at least 32 twins remains mysterious.

THE TWIN STUDIES supported Burt's assumption with – literally – incredible precision. In 1958, Miss Conway reported the touching story of a 'typical example':

> George and his brother were children of an Oxford don who died a few weeks before their birth. Unable with her slender purse to bring up two boys, the mother had secretly arranged for one to be boarded out. George remained with his mother; and, after a brilliant career at school, had obtained a first-class degree in modern languages. His former teacher, encountering him (as he supposed) on the arrival-platform at Paddington,

[3]Report of the Mental Deficiency Committee of the Joint Board of Education and Board of Control.

[4]Because of 'regression to the mean': see separate section for explanation.

[5]Report of the Consultative Committee on Secondary Education, with special reference to grammar schools and technical high schools.

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was surprised to hear himself answered in a strong Welsh accent by a stranger who declared that his name was Llewellyn Jones. It turned out that Llewellyn was the twin who had been adopted in infancy by an elderly Welsh couple, and brought up on an isolated farm in North Wales. He was now a young but successful farmer . . . neither twin had the smallest inkling of the other's existence . . . Llewellyn's reading, and his verbal abilities generally, were those of a child of barely eleven; but his high IQ was practically the same as his brother's (137 to 136).[6]

The story has a fairy-tale quality, but raises some technical doubts (on the usual tests which involve reading, it would not be possible for someone in his twenties, with a reading age of 11, to score 132). But it passed, at the time, without challenge: only recently has inquiry suggested that most of Burt's twin-studies were fabricated.

The late Dr James Shields spent his professional life in London studying separated twins. His own sympathies were hereditarian, but like much good research-work, his results can be interpreted in several ways. (In real life, 'separated' twins are rarely separated very far: often, they grow up in different parts of the same family, and tend in practice to have rather similar upbringing.) Shields' investigations did encounter twins studied previously by other scientists, such as Lancelot Hogben. He never encountered a Burt twin, and while Hogben's inquiries are noted in the LCC records, there is no record of any inquiries by Burt.

Professor Leon Kamin of Princeton was the first to question the scientific validity of Burt's twin-studies: noting that the reported IQ-correlations remained impossibly consistent through many years. Correlation is the measure of 'sameness', expressed on a scale from zero to 1.0 ('unity', or perfect correlation). In 1943, Burt claimed that the IQs of his twins correlated to 0.77: as his 'sample' increased he reported 0.771, then 0.778, and in 1966 with 53 pairs, 0.771. In results spread over twenty years, variations in testing-methods alone would have inevitably have produced a greater 'spread'. Kamin has found no fewer than 20 instances in Burt's work in which correlations remain identical while the size of the sample changes: 'results which unduly strain the laws of chance, and can only mean error'.

Burt's correlations were the highest ever reported, and his 'separations' the most complete: but the only other person who saw these remarkable twins was 'Miss Conway', whose own existence is highly implausible. Her address, when given, was like Burt's: *Psychology Department, University College, London.* But there is no record of her as a student or staff member there, or in any other part of London University, or the staff lists of the LCC. I have written to more than 250 colleagues or former students of Burt's: none remember 'Conway'. Advertisements in *The Times* have failed to find her, and Burt's official biographer, Professor Leslie Hearnshaw, has found no correspondence.

Another mysterious woman, 'Miss Margaret Howard,' published two important papers with Burt in 1956-7: the 1956 paper[7], using IQ data to support a Fisher-like, mathematical theory of inherited ability, has been widely quoted. Burt and Howard claimed to provide thousands of correlations between the intelligence of grandparents and grandchildren, parents and children, and between children themselves. (The paper provides the only known set of correlations between uncles and nephews.)

For sources of these figures, the reader is referred to a 1955 paper. But many of the 1956 results are not in it. Furthermore, Burt admits that he used 'personal interviews' and 'camouflaged tests' with parents: in other words, he guessed people's intelligence. By 1957, though, Burt was referring to the same work as using 'tests of the usual type', thus hardening his evidence.

I began investigating 'Howard' and 'Conway' after hearing from Dr Ralph Hetherington and Mr Harry Partridge, of the British Psychological Society, that they thought both of them were pen-names used by Burt. The two officials had often been asked to locate the women on behalf of scientists wishing to quote them: Burt, when asked, always said politely that Howard and Conway were abroad, or otherwise unavailable, but that they would not mind being quoted.

When I first wrote in *The Sunday Times* that the women 'may never have existed', Burt's admirer Professor John Cohen, said that he had met a 'mathematically competent' woman named Margaret Howard, while he studied at University College in the late 1930s. The records at University College list no such person, but an old membership list of the British Psychological Society suggests that a Miss M. A. Howard of Brunswick Square WC1 belonged for a year in 1924. There is no other trace of her. One of Professor Cohen's former University College colleagues does remember a Miss Edna Howard who took a Diploma of Psychology and died during the war: Professor Cohen, however, shown her photograph, did not recognise her. Detailed checks have failed to find any documentary evidence of Margaret Howard or anyone else who recalls her. As late as 1966, Burt was still recording the 'help' of 'Howard' and 'Conway': adding, intriguingly, a Miss Molteno. She *does* exist: at least, Elizabeth Virginia Molteno (now Mrs Moody) did study psychology in Burt's department. But she never knew Howard or Conway, and never worked on any project with Burt.

IN RETIREMENT BURT continued prolific, though suffering from deafness and vertigo caused by Menière's disease. In 1961 he published in his own journal a major new paper entitled *Intelligence and Social Mobility*.[8] It was intended as, and largely succeeded in being, a deadly attack on the work of sociologists – principally A. H. Halsey and J. Floud of Oxford – who argued that innate ability was distributed more or less randomly among the social classes.

Few psychological treatises have been more frequently cited, or been more influential in bolstering the hereditarian hypothesis. Yet it is this paper which finally demolishes Burt. The work on IQ-correlations between twins and relatives has been explained by friends – at the price of abandoning Cohen's 'precise and punctilious' Burt – as spectacular incompetence. But Professor Dorfman has shown, not merely that the results of *Intelligence and Social Mobility* are impossible, but that they must have resulted from a fraud, the mechanism of which Dorfman exposes. (See separate section on page 689.)

In Burt's words, his 'main thesis' was that

in a highly organised society, the discrepancies between the general intelligence of the children and the occupational class into which they are born is bound to produce a large and fairly constant amount of 'basic mobility' quite apart from any deliberate changes in the political or educational structure of the society.

*Burt's followers, Professor Hans Eysenck (above) of London and Professor Arthur Jensen (lower) of California, have extended Burt's ideas about the heritability of intelligence into elaborate systems in which the intellectual capacities of different races and ethnic groups – blacks, Irishmen, Chinese – are purportedly graded by IQ tests.*

He claimed to have studied test results going back to the twenties, relating to 40,000 fathers and sons, living in one London borough which was supposedly representative of the nation as a whole. The scope of the work seemed devastating: Britain's class structure largely reflected major, inherited variations in mental capacity. Burt found a greater correlation between IQ and occupational status than anyone has found before or since.

So great was his prestige that it was many

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years before the suspicious perfection of his results was questioned, or anyone asked where Burt's remarkable – and unidentified – 'London borough' could have been. But two years ago Dr Ann Clarke, her husband Alan Clarke (lately President of the British Psychological Society) and Dr Michael McAskie of Hull University began to raise the accusations of fraud – which Dorfman has now proved – and I reported them in *The Sunday Times*. We were greeted with a storm of abuse.

Even at 83, Burt's career of fraudulent intervention in public policy was not complete. In 1969 he contributed, with sensational effect, to the second *Black Paper* on education: citing the help of another mysterious lady researcher, 'Miss M. O'Connor'. Burt's allegation was that attainment in school had declined since 1913-14, and any recent improvement was only in relation to very low standards after the war.

> Judged by tests applied and standardised in 1913-14, the average attainments in reading, spelling, mechanical and problem arithmetic are now appreciably lower than they were 55 years ago. The deterioration is most marked in English composition. Here the vogue is all for 'creativity'. Bad spelling, bad grammar, and the crudest vulgarisms are no longer frowned on . . . Instead of accuracy, the teacher aims at 'self-expression'; Instead of clear and logical thought and precise description of facts, he – and still more often she – seeks to foster what is called 'imagination'.[9]

The outburst struck a political chord, which still reverberates. Burt quoted in support of his claims an unpublished paper in the *Journal of the Association of Educational Psychologists*: when this appeared, it contained sparse details, and readers were referred further to a forthcoming paper in the *Irish Journal of Education*, an odd choice for the publication of a paper revealing important new facts about education in England.

Burt wrote in the *Irish Journal* that he had asked 'two or three' of his former research students to attempt a systematic comparison of data on school attainment for the past 50 years. Among them he named 'Miss O'Connor'. The study examined London children, and used a curious technique which Burt dignified as 'median sampling'. This meant that he picked out an apparently average child from an apparently average school, and took that child's results as representative of the whole population. Burt claimed that

> Actual trial shows that by testing about 20 or 30 children thus selected (often even less) one can get a much better estimate of the average of the general population than if one attempted to test all the children in what was designed to be a genuinely random sample.[10]

Burt's methodology was severely criticised by Douglas Pidgeon, lately of the National Foundation for Educational Research, and by G. F. Peaker, an H.M. Inspector of Schools. Apart from any statistical deficiencies, the population of Inner London had changed so much over the years as to make Burt's 'work' meaningless. As often happens, the criticism made less impact than the original headlines.

No one, however, asked who 'Miss O'Connor' might be. There is no record of any such person in University College, or elsewhere in London University. She is not a member of the British or of the Irish Psychological Society. My letters to 250 former students of Burt's have failed to find her: she is unknown to the editor of the *Irish Journal*, and advertisements in *The Times* have produced no result.

She was not, however, the only ghostly assistant concerned with Burt's last coup. After an absence of 19 years, 'Miss Howard' returned, to give assistance with the final table in the article, which is a calculation of genetic and environmental relationships between relatives. Burt does not cite her in the paper, but attributed the table to her in a letter to Douglas Pidgeon.

TWO YEARS LATER BURT DIED, aged 88, leaving his last book, *The Gifted Child*, to be published posthumously. His obituary in *The Times* was fulsome:

> For over 40 years he had been the leading figure in Britain in the application of psychology to education and the development of children, and to the assessment of mental qualities . . . His studies of the incidence, causes and treatment of subnormality were models of the scientific, yet genuinely psychological approach . . . He was a pioneer, also, in the construction of intelligence and attainment tests which . . . have become so important in the selection of 11-year-old children for grammar school education.

Others have gone further. In 1973 Hans Eysenck unsuspectingly quoted Burt's phoney 1961 paper, saying that it had been

> particularly valuable in throwing light on the relationship between IQ and social class.

Eysenck refers (in *The Inequality of Man*) to the 'outstanding quality of design and the statistical treatment of his studies', and remarks on the 'perfect agreement with a genetic model' of results which are so implausible statistically that they should never have been taken seriously at all. Arthur Jensen, from California, also attributes his inspiration to Burt, saying in *Genetics and Education* (1972) that Burt had given in 1957 'the best lecture I ever heard'. Jensen's notorious 1969 paper in the *Harvard Educational Review*, which suggested that black Americans were innately inferior to whites, referred to ten publications by Burt – most of them now known to be fraudulent or baseless.

After the first attacks on Burt, Jensen and Eysenck tried to defend him against what they called (oddly) 'McCarthyism'. But both now admit that his work is useless. Jensen writes, sadly, that

> It is almost as if Burt regarded the actual data as merely an incidental backdrop for the illustration of the theoretical issues in quantitative genetics which, to him, always seemed to hold the centre of the stage.

In an article written in 1966, the year in which he published his final, major work on twin studies, and made himself an international figure in psychology, Burt himself wrote that

> . . . few can resist the temptation to indulge in a little faking, fishing, and even bare-faced prevarication, when things go wrong . . . are not all of us tempted at times in the same way?[11]

What is more remarkable than that Burt should have been tempted to play God with the lives of schoolchildren, is that he should

[6] J. Conway: Brit. J. Stat. Psych. XI, p.186, 1958.
[7] C. Burt and M. Howard: Brit. J. Stat. Psych. VIII, pp.95-131.
[8] C. Burt: Brit. J. Stat. Psych. XIV, 3-24, 1961.
[9] Black Paper Two, pp.23-24, eds. C. B. Cox, A. E. Dyson. The Critical Quarterly Society, 1969.
[10] The Irish J. Education, 3, pp.88-89, Winter 1969.
[11] Int. J. Neuropsychiatry II, 363-377, 1966.


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have got away unchallenged for so long. His courtliness, his rhetorical skill, and his position as a grand old man of psychology, editor of *The British Journal of Statistical Psychology* – all helped. He was criticised by sociologists and by geneticists such as Professor Lionel Penrose, FRS, but he was protected by those within his own discipline whose own knowledge of statistics was rudimentary, and who did not appreciate criticisms from other other disciplines.

Burt was thought of by other psychologists as an accomplished statistician, whereas geneticists like Dr Bernard Woolf of Edinburgh held his work in contempt. In 1960 Penrose remarked to Alan Clarke, after one of Burt's masterly lecture-room performances: 'I don't believe a word the old rogue says, but by God I admire the way he says it.' The late Professor Rex Knight of Aberdeen, who knew Burt well, called him 'The Old Delinquent' – a play on one of Burt's titles, *The Young Delinquent*. But challenges to the honesty of the man whose work shaped so many children's lives were kept, for a long while, to private circulation. Dr R. L. Phillips spent many hours with Burt at University College. He says:

> Such was the personality of the man, such the impression of omniscience that emanated from him, that I am sure none of his colleagues suspected him in the least. For twisting the evidence is the one cardinal sin that no researcher must ever commit. The sin was too great to be contemplated. My attitude to him is couched in admiration amounting to worship. But I must say, biased though I am, that he never gave the impression of a man with a secret which must at all costs be hid. He exuded calm, serenity: with no sense of internal preoccupation that the guilty almost invariably demonstrate. Anything less like a man sitting on a vast deceit that would destroy him if discovered it is difficult to imagine.

Sir Cyril Burt, the supposed guardian of intellectual rigour, the hero of the educational conservatives, the defender of a future which was to be given over to the genetically pure, was one of the most formidable confidence-tricksters British society has produced. ●

Additional research by Angela Price and Bob Clarke. Thanks to Ann Clarke for much help and advice.
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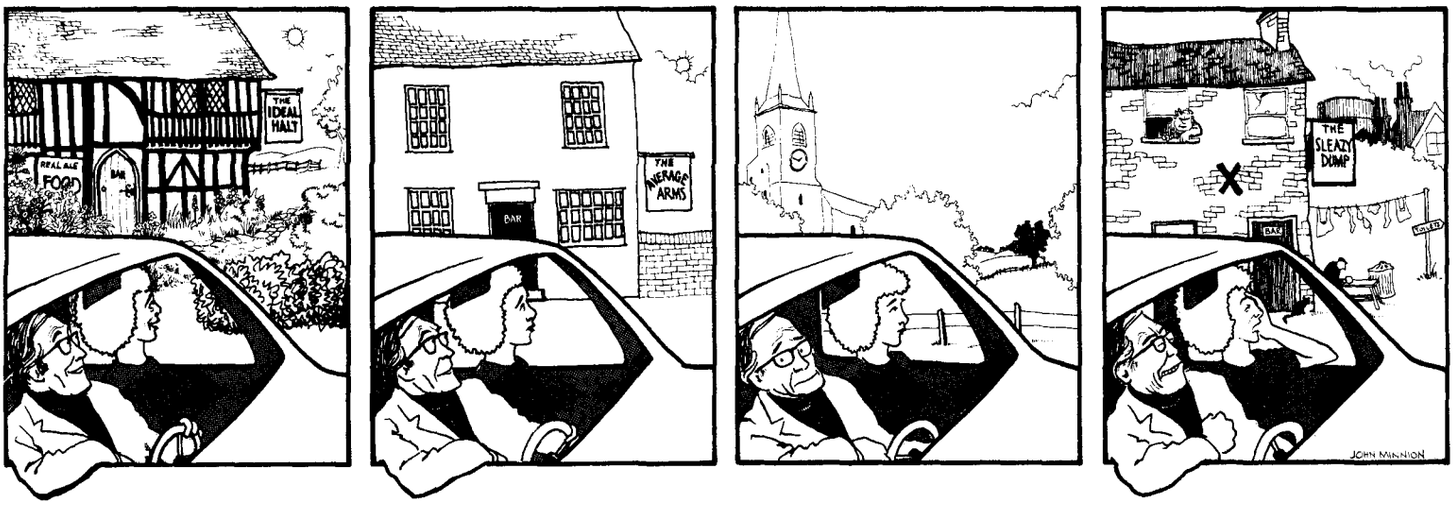


# The Young System: decision-making without tears

**PIERRE YOUNG is the deputy engineering director of Rolls-Royce, and a Fellow of the Royal Society.**

You are driving with your family, and there's still a long way to go; it's nearly lunchtime and everyone is looking forward to the perfect pub. You can't decide about the first one, so you drive on to the next, and the next, and finally it's a quarter-to-two and you stop at a thoroughly unprepossessing inn because otherwise you may have to go without lunch altogether. There may be some recrimination about 'why didn't we go back to that lovely Queen Anne one', but, on a long journey, people simply don't ever back-track.

It is interesting that there exists a system which produces the best chances of avoiding disappointment in situations of just this sort. The system is also very simple and I find it surprising that it has not long ago become part of the folklore.

The system is this: Have a good look at the first pub, and then continue your journey, looking at each successive pub *until you find one that seems better than the first*. That's where you have your lunch. If, by ill-chance, the first pub happened to be the best, then you will just have to reject pub after pub until you take the last one you find before closing time.

Let us try out the System on the very simple case of a deserted countryside which happens to have only three roadside pubs in the hour's drive that could be spent looking for an eating-place. One is the Best (A), one is Middling (B) and the other the Worst (C). They may be strung along the road in exactly six ways, which are equally likely. The System will work as shown below:

| Order of pubs | System selects |
|---|---|
| C — B — A ... ... ... ... | B |
| C — A — B ... ... ... ... | A |
| B — A — C ... ... ... ... | A |
| B — C — A ... ... ... ... | A |
| A — C — B ... ... ... ... | B |
| A — B — C ... ... ... ... | C |

So the System produces the Best three times out of six, and only produces the Worst once out of six times. Now compare this result with just picking the first pub that turns up. This produces the Best only once out of three times, but it also has an exactly equal chance of producing the Worst one. So the System halves the chances of eating at the Worst pub and nearly doubles the chances of eating at the Best.

If there happen to be four pubs strung along the lunchtime stretch of road, they could occur in twenty-four different equally possible orders; readers can amuse themselves by filling in a table like the one above. The System will ensure a fair chance of finding the Best pub.

If there are as many as ten pubs to choose from, then they could be distributed along the road in 3,628,800 different ways. It can be calculated that, with these ten pubs, the System will produce the very best one 28 times out of 100, which is nearly three times better than simply choosing the first that presents itself. The System will produce one or other of the two Best Pubs 48 times out of 100, and it will only produce the very Worst one about 1 in 100 times.

In my family the Young System has been in use for years, and it has contributed much to our tempers on the road. We only break the System when the first pub looks so good that we all agree that 'it's an opportunity not to be missed'.

Even without this proviso, the System also guarantees the best chances in a number of other practical situations which have the common characteristic that observing and holding back increases knowledge but only at the cost of reducing the scope of the unavoidable subsequent decision. They must all share the following general features:

1). There is an unknown number of unknown opportunities.
2). One and only one must be selected.
3). Each opportunity is presented in turn and, if rejected, will not be presented again.
4). A rough scale of values allows all the presented opportunities to be placed in an order of merit.
5). The last opportunity, if and when presented, is announced as such and must be accepted.

The system prescribes the optimum amount of waiting and seeing, during a limited number of opportunities. It teaches us that waiting and seeing is essential – but a surprisingly small amount of it. I suspect that many shrewd practical people apply the System instinctively, for example, in business decisions.

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# London Diary

☐ The boss of the Thomson Organisation – and therefore, the man to whom the embattled managers of *The Times* report – is an amiable man called Gordon Brunton, who has a beautiful office at Stratford Place in the West End. On the wall of this office is a large oil painting, depicting a schooner yacht of antique rig under full sail. The geometry of the sails, masts and burgees in the picture are such as to suggest that the fine old vessel is sailing, not merely rather close to the wind – but directly into it. As 30 November approaches, the symbolism of this picture seems to become more and more appropriate.

☐ Of course, the Thomson Organisation is only in strategic control of the Battle of Printing House Square. The tactics, if that's the word, are the work of 'Duke' Hussey, who has had considerable success in projecting himself as a man of reason engaged in worthy combat against gangs of Trots, Coms and syndicalists. Much of this success derives from the agility with which Duke avoids questions from people who might be overly well-informed about the situation.

A few days ago, he said he wouldn't go on BBC-TV if they included me among the questioners. I am no Robin Day. But I did work at the *Sunday Times* for twelve years, so that the effect of Duke's routine number about blood drinking and human sacrifice among the work-force wore off some time ago.

Last week, he went further. London Weekend were assembling a rather well-researched *London Programme* on the *Times* crisis. Hussey agreed to be grilled – but only at the last possible moment. With much trouble and expense, LWT got a crew down to Printing House Square, only to be told that Mr Hussey had had to make a sudden trip to Germany. Wandering out, in no happy frame of mind, the crew saw a nearby office door pop open – revealing Duke Hussey, the man who was 'in Germany'. I gather that his usual expression of upper-class confidence did flicker for a moment.

☐ Here is a footnote to the Official Secrets trial, which I recommend to Tony Benn and others who are seeking an inquiry into the workings of the security services. Some months ago, the director of social services for a London borough got a call from the Ministry of Defence, followed up by the appearance in his office of a 'rather Oxbridge' young man, who started asking questions about the number of left-wingers who might be found among the borough's social workers. The director didn't care for this line of questioning, and asked the man to state his business. Well, it emerged, what the Ministry would really like would be a bit of help in penetrating the Socialist Workers' Party. The answer, in this case, was a firm no – but I'm inclined to wonder whether they are used to a friendlier response from some local government officers. It is hard to know whether it is the creepiness or the incompetence which is the more appalling (if MI5 can't penetrate the SWP off their own bat, what chance have they got against the KGB?)

☐ The Polytechnic of Central London is to run a seminar on Michal Kalecki at the end of the month, with contributions from Wlodzimiez Brus, Mario Nuti and others. Slowly, Kalecki's name is rising with Western economists, and even in his native Poland – the more disgusting excesses of anti-semitism having receded – it is again safe to mention his name. There is little in recent intellectual history more impressive than the ironic detachment with which Kalecki accepted his scholarly misfortunes: chiefly, of course, the awful tale of how he worked out a theory of effective demand *before* Keynes, published it in Polish, and retired to Sweden to spend a year writing a major book on the theme. One of the first books he bought in Stockholm was *The General Theory of Employment, Money and Interest* – roughly the sort of title Kalecki had had in mind himself. Keynes wasn't very good about sharing the credit: not out of intellectual jealousy, which wasn't his style, but because of his snobbish streak. According to Joan Robinson, he didn't speak to people who hadn't 'driven up' to Cambridge, and Kalecki was a third-class-carriage sort of man. Kalecki only struck back once, and that indirectly. He said of his pre-war trip to Cambridge that he went there 'among other things, to see the English gentleman, a species of much interest to Central European intellectuals. Unhappily, by the time I arrived, there were only two remaining. One, Piero Sraffa, was an Italian. The other, Maurice Dobb, was a Communist.'

☐ The other thing I like about Kalecki is that he obeys Panic's Law of Economists – an illuminating, if mildly over-stated proposition by Mica Panic which says that 'no truly original economist was an economist'. Kalecki was an engineer, Keynes was a theorist of probability, Marx was a journalist, Tinbergen was a physicist . . . you can make up your own list. (Mica is Adviser on External Policy at the Bank of England, which means that one of sterling's principal handlers is called Mr Panic. He is, however, a man of very steady nerve.)

☐ The *South Bank Show* commissioned me to look at Tom Stoppard's *Night and Day* and pronounce on the authenticity of its claim to portray journalists at work. The interview they did with me hit the cutting-room floor, and I can't say I blame Melvyn Bragg and his colleagues: I wasn't able to find much of interest to say about what struck me as a rather trite and contrived little number. But there was one point I wanted to make. Stoppard's characters, with his apparent support, spend a lot of time denouncing the pop press for gratuitous tit-and-bummery. Well, all right: but there's an elaborate bit of *Night and Day* where Diana Rigg (or, strictly, her understudy) peels off in a very stagey manner and flashes a gleaming backside at the audience. I was unable to construe the relevance of this to Stoppard's mighty theme of the liberty of the press. It looked gratuitous to me, but maybe I was failing to grasp the Higher Irony.

☐ There has been some publicity – not generated by us – about Lord Goodman suing the NEW STATESMAN. I have been sued (without, I'm glad to say, much success) by most of the eminent writ-brandishers of our time, but not up to now by his lordship, so it will be a new experience. I did turn down, once, a most copper-bottomed opportunity to get embroiled with him on highly favourable terms. Sir James Goldsmith gave me lunch last year, and asked if I would write a book devoted entirely to the career of Lord Goodman. He, Goldsmith, would foot the bill for unlimited research, would write a contract guaranteeing complete editorial independence, and would undertake to fight to the last ditch the presumably inevitable batch of libel suits. It was, perhaps, the most fur-lined offer I've ever been made in my time as a journalistic investigator: impossible not to toy with, but impossible not to turn down. The funny thing was that I couldn't find out from Goldsmith what he had against Goodman. Had Goodman frustrated him over the attempt to buy Beaverbrook Newspapers? Not at all, not at all, said Sir James, gazing at me with a pair of bright blue, laser-like eyes. 'As a matter of fact, I rather like the man.' I suppose Goodman must have borrowed his matches and failed to return them.

☐ The twenty months of the Official Secrets prosecution chanced to overlap with another of those campaigns which seek to assert that liberty is now under the protection of the political right. The much-harassed lady, we are told by *The Times* and other authorities, has taken up residence with Sir Keith Joseph.

If only there were *some* truth in this. To socialist libertarians like myself, it would be nice to see some evidence that there are Tories who perceive the resistance to state power in some terms wider than a campaign to minimise personal taxation. But the truth is that the Tories' affection for liberty is entirely platonic: presented with an opportunity to consummate the affair, they blush and turn away. There was no significant support from the right during the Official Secrets business: quite obviously, a natural cause for anyone concerned about the state's capacity to misuse its powers. To judge by one or two flickering embers in *The Times* letters column, the big issue for the 'libertarian' right is still compulsory seat-belts. So long as they feel that way, liberty will have to look for her friends in the usual place.

**Bruce Page**

# This England

**Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.**

☐ The new paper would be competing for the *Morning Star* readership in the lower C/D category. 'It will be aggressively down-market,' he said. When Mr Justice Foster asked for an explanation of that term, he was told: 'It is the opposite of the readership of *The Times,* my lord.' – *The Times* (R. Goddard)

☐ A woman working in a confectionery factory said to Mrs Thatcher: 'What do they do to you on television? You look just like one of us.' – *The Guardian* (Brian Anderson)

☐ A ban on vodka at civic receptions at Margate, Broadstairs and Ramsgate was imposed yesterday by Thanet Council in protest at recent trials of dissidents in Russia. – *Daily Telegraph* (A. Pugh)

☐ At the September meeting of the Northallerton Ladies Conservative Association the speaker was Mrs Herdman (formerly Strafford) who spoke on Prince Charles's saddle cloth. – *Darlington and Stockton Times* (E. J. Bell)

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# First Person

## Arthur Marshall

# On We Go Again

In these pages last week I drew attention to some of the oddities of the Twenties and the peculiarities and weaknesses and purposeless lives of the Thirties that led foreigners, Hitler and Ambassador Kennedy among them, to consider us easy meat for conquerors. And then suddenly, in 1940, all became purposeful and the fun was finished. A few quaintnesses, it is true, continued (in the third year of the conflict, Lord Alvingham, former MP for South Dorset, complained in *The Times* that his title had been omitted from his ration book) but by and large frivolous behaviour was temporarily shelved. Even the most modest among us must agree that our war record at least stands up to examination. It may, of course, be argued that a nation fighting for its life needs to do just that but this was hardly so with our nearest neighbours across the Channel who initially, and here one lapses into half-forgotten army phrases, put up a markedly wet performance, a performance comfortably beaten by the Italians, for whose years of feeble, craven conduct and treachery they should be blushing to this day (so difficult to tell whether those dusky-complexioned Southerners are still suffused with shame or not. It's just a guess but I would think probably not).

In 1945 and with the European hostilities safely over, Churchill, setting off on an election tour, is reported to have said wistfully to Lord Moran, 'I feel lonely without a war'. War of a different sort was upon him but what he really meant, I suppose, was that he felt aimless and it was this that, after the first and quickly exhausted elation and relief were over, was indeed the general feeling. And in this limp deflation period, oddities started cropping up all over again. The source of the, to me, fascinating facts of last week and this is a book called *Gossip, 1920-1970* (Hamish Hamilton, £10.00, handsomely produced and splendidly illustrated) in which Andrew Barrow, born in the very year of Churchill's loneliness and diligently digging in such bran-pies as the *Tatler*, newspaper gossip columns, diary pages, autobiographies, *The Times* Court Circular and so on, has come up with an extraordinary number of items that now seem, as before, barely credible.

On his last day on earth, the King shot nine hares and one pigeon. Everybody got tremendously cross about Picasso and Matisse ('They verge upon the obscene'). Chips Channon, at an upper-crust reception at the Argentine Embassy, was heard to say excitedly 'This is what we have been fighting for'. Hermione Baddeley opened a mussel bar near Victoria Station. The 'evening-dress only' rule returned to the Savoy Grill. Lack of an export licence prevented Nubar Gulbenkian from bringing a Portuguese rose-velvet smoking jacket into England. The Duke of Windsor announced that he would write his memoirs ('I have lots of material'). Prince Philip of Greece applied, at a cost of £10 2s 6d, for British nationality. The Marquess of Salisbury was found to be doing his own washing up (demoted from washing to drying because of breaking too much china) and Mrs Wilson turned her sheets sides to middle. When one of the stately Buccleuch homes was re-opened, the Duke found 14 small Van Dycks hanging in a lavatory. Earl Spencer, keen on making more space, dug up several dead ancestors who had been quietly resting near Daventry and had them cremated ('I do not wish to discuss it'). Meanwhile, Lady Cunard's ashes were scattered in Grosvenor Square, despite the increasing smartness of Belgravia as a place of abode. The Duke of Bedford public-spiritedly sold a bison weighing over 400lbs to a London restaurant.

At the Grosvenor House débutantes ball, an attempt was made to blow up the ceremonial cake. The Dockers (by which we mean Sir Bernard and Lady) were found living on grapefruit at a Tring health-centre ('It is an internal spring-clean') before leaving in a new cream-and-gold Daimler upholstered in zebra ('Mink is too hot to sit on'). One of the Royal corgis bit a Buckingham Palace sentry. Stately homes had everywhere been thrown open and while the millionth visitor to Blenheim got a valuable eighteenth-century silver salver engraved with the family crest, the millionth one at Arundel got a box of chocs, the Blenheim gift being particularly generous after the Duke of Marlborough had complained that 'people will shuffle and wear out my carpets'.

Nowhere to be found were the high spirits of the twenties. The strict rationing, worse than in some wartime years and which continued, in one form or another, until 1954, simply did not produce the energy for high spirits and food was very much on everybody's minds, a subject of endless interest. Some did rather better than others. Lady Caroline Thynne, daughter of the Marquess of Bath, was 'launched' at a dance (crabs, lobster, champagne), while the American *bonne vivante* and party-giver Elsa Maxwell, found herself dining at the House of Commons with Hartley Shawcross and gazing bemusedly at a whale steak. A waiters' strike at the Savoy forced partrons to manage as best they could with cold goose, chicken and salad, while Queen Mary, celebrating her eighty-first birthday, could only run to 'a small iced cake'. There was an Annigoni dinner at Prunier's (lobster, and quite enough some might think) while elsewhere the Royal Academicians were tucking into fish patties, roast beef and Stilton. General Eisenhower dined in Downing Street (Pudding Diplomatique) while the Douglas Fairbanks Jrs were dishing out, in classier SW10, cold salmon and curried chicken.

The better hotels seemed to manage fairly well. Lady Docker, in flame-pleated tulle, was able, with the help of Claridges, to provide 200 chums with soles in champagne, while Churchill, celebrating a political swing to the right, lunched 'quietly' at the Savoy on dressed crab, Irish Stew, ice-cream and Stilton. Macmillan became Prime Minister (oysters and steak at the Turf Club), Princess Margaret lunched in Trinity College, Cambridge (tournedos, cauliflower Bearnaise and mash), and Princess Anne was hostess at tea at Buckingham Palace to fellow members of her Brownie pack (marzipan toadstools).

It was abroad, however, that the richest nutritional pickings were to be, for some, found. Churchill, dining in Morocco with the Pasha of Marrakesh, filled up empty corners with whole roast sheep and chickens stuffed with almonds and honey. Moving on to Villefranche, there was saddle of lamb and provençal herbs. At Chantilly, the Duff Coopers provided curry, hard-boiled eggs and rice, while anybody lucky enough to be approaching England in the Queen Elizabeth lunched on oysters, entrecôte steaks, asparagus in Hollandaise sauce and meringues. The young Lord Furness whizzed over to Paris with a party of friends and, for dinner, Maxim's produced caviar, foie gras, oysters, truffles and steaks. 'It's just like old times' said Albert, the head waiter. Yes indeed. Sometimes, then and now, I really rather wonder why we bothered to win at all.

Mr Barrow clangs the facts relentlessly out and with (he is, as we remember, only 33) only an occasional and fully justified show of contempt for some of those who took part in these strange gyrations. Perhaps his own middle and later years may, for one never knows, read as oddly. One improving word, however. A book composed entirely of facts really must get those facts right. An extraordinary inaccuracy proclaims that Miss, now Dame, Cicely Courtneidge, our beloved and longest-running comedienne (she kicked off professionally in 1909) appeared with Ivor Novello in his musical, *King's Rhapsody*. Whatever as, for heaven's sake? As a tweedy Queen Mother in a Henry Heath hat and gaiters and doing a funny dance with a sceptre? But what fun if she had!

## Roger Woddis

# Keep It Dark

The secret places of the heart
Are wide and open prairies,
Compared to minds preoccupied
With fear of naughty fairies.

Their wits are half the size of birds',
Their twitters twice as solemn;
The servants of the fourth estate
Are really a fifth column.

Put journalists in jug (but not
The one you keep the milk in);
They cause offence to Merlyn Rees
And threaten Samuel Silkin.

The nation needs to be secure
From untoward behaviour;
The water flows beneath the gate,
And Nixon is our Saviour.

The torch that glimmers in the dark
Explains its noctilucence;
The price of liberty is cheap;
To be a bloody nuisance.

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# Letters to the Editor

## Dell's departure

*Sir*, I was amazed to read your leading article (NS 17 November) on Edmund Dell's resignation from the Cabinet and prospective appointment. As you imply, there is no formal rule for ministers comparable to the constraints which apply to senior civil servants leaving Government service for private industry. Nevertheless, Edmund Dell made it quite clear in his letter to the Prime Minister that he had voluntarily imposed upon himself a constraint similar to that which would apply to senior civil servants and would not be taking up his post with Guinness Peat for a period of months.

Edmund Dell's integrity in his relations with his Parliamentary colleagues is above reproach. It is worth recalling that he was the only one of Harold Wilson's Front Bench spokesmen who, when he was unable to accept the advice of the Labour Whips and vote against Common Market entry on 28 October 1971, resigned immediately from the Front Bench.

He has frequently made clear to his friends his view that there are other effective ways of helping to deal with problems of Britain's economy apart from being a Member of Parliament or of the Government. That he has now implemented this view in terms of his own career is his own decision; it is a matter of profound regret for many of his Parliamentary colleagues but it is scandalous that you should have tried to dishonour his public reputation by such a sloppy piece of journalism.

JOHN ROPER

*House of Commons*
*London SW1*

Mr Dell's reputation is unblemished by our leader, which praised his ministerial record and said in terms that his resignation 'raises rather than exemplifies an issue of principle'. We might have stressed the necessary lapse in time between his leaving one job and taking up another, and we might have repeated that the Prime Minister declined Mr Dell's offer to remain at his post having accepted the Guinness Peat job. We did neither of these things because we were discussing the *general* question of Labour men and their readiness to quit politics for the City. Ed. NS.

## Czechs' friends in the West

*Sir*, Thank you for publishing the moving appeal of three Czechoslovak socialists (NS 10 November). Things have, however, gone a little further already. At the Bureau meeting in Paris of the Socialist International on 28 and 29 September, Willy Brandt, the chairman, suggested that the question of Czechoslovakia be discussed at a special conference, arranged by one of the member parties of the International. Both Italian parties immediately declared their readiness to convoke such a conference.

For the first time in history, the Congress of the Socialist International in Vancouver (3-5 November) was addressed by one of the Czech dissidents of 1968, Zdenek Hejzlar. Unfortunately the Congress, saying all the right things about Nicaragua and Southern Africa, failed to utter a single word of encouragement to those in Communist-dominated countries standing up for the ideals of democratic socialism.

J. W. BRUEGEL

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## Minor legal surgery

*Sir*, I am writing with reference to your signed article 'Now we can stop propping up the Bar' (NS 10 November). In a recent editorial you had appeared to express the view that any opposition to the fusion of the legal professions was virtually unarguable. Now you describe our divided profession as 'almost unique to this country'.

This is the reverse of the truth. It is very difficult to find a major European democracy in which there are not two or three legal professions. This is because it is generally recognised that the function of the office lawyer, on the end of the telephone, dictating his correspondence and seeing his clients (few of whom are concerned in litigation) performs a different function to that of the advocate conducting cases in Court. This is not to say that the former cannot conduct minor cases just as a General Practitioner can do minor surgery but not major operations. To find an undivided legal profession one has to cross the oceans.

In their evidence to the Royal Commission on Legal Service the Judiciary have dealt fully with the position in Australia and New Zealand. In his lecture 'A Sick Profession?' the present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States has explained why he considers that our division of the legal profession into barristers and solicitors gives the public a much better service than the fused profession in the United States.

You are of course entitled to your opinion. But it has saddened a former director and, after G. D. H. Cole's death, chairman, to see in the NEW STATESMAN editorial views which appear to be based on so slight an acquaintance with the relevant facts which are now being so thoroughly considered by the Royal Commission.

GARDINER

*House of Lords*
*London SW1*

## Number games

*Sir*, With reference to Ruth Hall's query as to sums of cubes, here are all the relevant sums for integers up to 20:

$12^3 + 1^3 = 10^3 + 9^3 = 1729$
$16^3 + 2^3 = 15^3 + 9^3 = 4104$

A little simple algebra shows that if a sum of two cubes equals the difference of two cubes, that is equivalent to the sum of three cubes being equal to one cube. Apart from combinations consisting of multiple of other sets, the relevant sums are:

$6^3 = 3^3 + 4^3 + 5^3 = 216$
$9^3 = 1^3 + 6^3 + 8^3 = 729$
$19^3 = 3^3 + 10^3 + 18^3 = 6859$
$20^3 = 7^3 + 14^3 + 17^3 = 8000$

Incidentally, the most interesting number amongst these seems to be 4104, which is equal to $18^3 - 12^3$ as well as the sum of cubes shown above. I have unsuccessfully tried to find a pattern in them!

NIGEL DOGGETT

*12 Westbury Road*
*Northwood*
*Middlesex*

*Sir*, In case no-one has already written, Ruth Hall may be interested to know that $4^3 + 3^3 = 6^3 - 5^3 = 91$, which is the lowest number that is the sum of two cubes and the difference of two others. It is also of interest that $1729 = 19 \times 13 \times 7$ and $91 = 13 \times 7$. Don't ask me why.

CHARLES CLIFT

*Flint Cottage*
*Layters Green*
*Chalfont St Peter*
*Buckinghamshire*

## The law 'n' order bandwagon

*Sir*, I heartily agree with Anna Coote (NS 10 November) that it is high time the Labour Party rank and file showed an example to the PLP and took a positive stand on matters relating to criminal justice. Not only has Labour jumped on the 'law and order' bandwagon of the extremist Tories (during the last election my own MP, Arthur Latham, was accused by the Tory candidate of 'supporting' the IRA bombing of the Tower of London because Latham opposed the Prevention of Terrorism Act); some Tory MPs actually show more sense and compassion on the subject of law-abiding than their Labour colleagues.

For instance, when the new Theft Bill was given its second reading in the House of Commons in June this year two Tory MPs (Robert Adley and Sir Anthony Meyer) and one Ulster Unionist (James Molyneaux) used the opportunity to expose the increase in shoplifting cases for what it is – a deliberate attempt by large stores to lure people into committing crime. It is worth quoting Mr Molyneaux: '. . . that type of offence which is alleged by two categories of shopkeeper. The first comprises those shopkeepers who reduce staff until it is almost impossible to find a cash desk in operation and there are long queues at those which are. The second comprises those shopkeepers who deliberately tempt customers to purchase and also accidentally tempt them to steal attractive and expensive goods.'

Neither in this debate nor subsequently have I heard one Labour MP raise his voice in support of this view, or challenge any other aspect of the shoplifting 'crime wave'. Is this because shoplifting is considered to be a 'middle-class' crime, and thus outside the left-wing sphere of interest?

RICHARD FAIRCLOUGH

*195 Randolph Avenue*
*London W9*

## Seductive teachers

*Sir*, We are sorry that Ruth Hall (London Diary, 10 November) found Integroup so drab, but the mild barrackings she experienced are no more than deserved. Her question was not, as she reports, whether either of the gay teachers who were speaking had been 'tempted' to seduce their boy pupils, but: 'Have either of you seduced any boy pupils?'

The 'violent' reaction was: 'Millions!', but then, quickly, lest Ms Hall should take it literally, 'No, of course not.' Her second question, presumably to confirm that she had either not heard or chosen to ignore all that the speakers had previously said, was: 'Why not?' Then, lastly, the *pièce de résistance*, 'Isn't there a certain element of bravado in bringing up the subject at all?'

No doubt such questions are part of a journalist's stock-in-trade, but they hardly further informed discussion, and Ms Hall shouldn't be surprised at our lack of due appreciation or the relief at her departure for the high camp 'fun outside W. H. Smith's'.

Integroup, incidentally, is so spelt in order to suggest integration, not intergroup as the report has it. The integration of people regardless of sex or sexual orientation may not seem a wildly exciting programme, but it seems to work tolerably well – even for the small minority of us who are sparsely bearded and wear drab sweaters.

KEITH GILLEY

*Integroup*
*Unitarian Rooms*
*Hoop Lane, London NW11*

## Excreta

*Sir*, No author should cavil at a five-page review of his work in the NEW STATESMAN and that of Mr E. P. Thompson (NS 10 November) appears to have helped to keep my *Inside Story* in the best-seller lists in spite of – or possibly because of – several misquotes from it. But I do feel driven to suggest that those five pages are far more revealing of the reviewer's character than they are of mine – weird though he makes that out to be.

All those compulsive references to excreta, both solid and liquid, the 'tears on one's cheek' and the general air of hysteria suggest nothing less than a suitable case for treatment. At the risk of appearing even more reactionary than Mr Thompson paints me, I must rejoice that he is no longer on the staff of Warwick University and hope that no young people are ever again subjected to his tutelage.

CHAPMAN PINCHER

*Daily Express*
*London EC4*

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# 1978 OUP's 500th Christmas!

Five hundred is a rather special birthday, and we've celebrated ours by publishing some very special books. Two about ourselves: Peter Sutcliffe's **The Oxford University Press: An Informal History,** £6.75, 'a fascinating and urbane history', according to the New Statesman, and Nicolas Barker's **The Oxford University Press and the Spread of Learning,** £10 ('magnificent', said the Sunday Times). Jan Morris's **Oxford Book of Oxford,** £5.95, is 'a splendid compendium . . . . the very essence of Oxford' (Evening Standard), and the new edition of her famous **Oxford,** £2.50 in paperback, is 'still the best guide to any English city, a magnificently readable book' (T.E.S.).

Our new biographies make good presents. The playwright Christopher Fry has written an unusual one of his family and ancestors: **Can You Find Me,** £5.95, 'surpasses all his past achievements' (Sunday Times). The poet and composer Ivor Gurney, who died tragically and has always been undervalued, has at last been given his due. Michael Hurd's **The Ordeal of Ivor Gurney,** £5.95, is 'exemplary . . . . an excellent book' (T.L.S.). Better known but perhaps equally underrated is John Masefield. In his centenary year, Constance Babington Smith now gives us the first full-length biography – **John Masefield: A Life,** £6.50.

Best for bird-watchers: Volume One of **The Handbook of the Birds of Europe, the Middle East, and North Africa,** £25, covers ostriches to ducks and is 'an essential addition to the shelves of any serious ornithologist' (Country Life). Flower-lovers will love **Flowering Plants of the World,** £7.95; star-gazers Hanbury Brown's **Man and the Stars,** £5.95. All three are wonderfully illustrated.

Oxford dictionaries are *the* authority on the English language, and excellent presents too. Give the brand-new edition of the **Pocket,** £3.25, 'a splendid work' (The Guardian) or the **Concise,** £5.25, 'a national institution' (The Economist). The new **Oxford Junior Dictionary,** £1.30, is just right for 7–9 year olds; **The New Oxford Illustrated Dictionary** comes in two volumes full of colour, £35. A different kind of dictionary is the **Oxford Dictionary of Saints,** £7.50 worth of 'compulsive reading' (The Tablet).

Sing a carol round the fire or down the road: the new **Carols for Choirs 3,** £1.95, has fifty including 'Silent Night', 'In dulci jubilo', 'We three kings', and other favourites; there's a record of it too, £3.49. **The Oxford Book of English Madrigals,** with fifty-six examples of some of the finest music ever written in this country, is £3.50; a companion pair of records is £6.99.

For laughs: Kingsley Amis's **New Oxford Book of Light Verse,** £4.25, 'a rich and relaxed collection' (The Times). For pure pleasure: Helen Gardner's **New Oxford Book of English Verse,** £5.25, 'in fewer than 1,000 pages, the best of English poetry' (Daily Telegraph). For more laughs, more pleasure, James Sutherland's **Oxford Book of Literary Anecdotes,** £4.25, the Birmingham Post's nomination for 'the ideal Christmas present for a literary uncle for about the next hundred years'.


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# CHRISTMAS BOOKS – 1

John Bayley

# Play Up! Play Up! and Play the Game!

**The Faber Popular Reciter** edited by Kingsley Amis *Faber* £6.95 and £2.95

One of the oddest and best of freedoms is our freedom of emotional response to history as art and art as history. Never trust a man like Michael Foot who reads his Hazlitt because Hazlitt was a radical. Read him for his amorous infatuation, his enthusiasm for the prize ring, the idolatry of Napoleon which made him weep like a child at the news of Waterloo. Within the freedom of the city of art these incongruities add to his stature: they needn't be passed over in silence; they are the best of reasons for enjoying him and many another writer.

Patriotism as poetry has an equal irrationality. Auden observed that poets love battles as they love riots, shipwrecks, conflagrations. And in art patriotic feeling can be as catholic as it pleases. Carlyle and Macaulay adored that bloodstained neurotic Frederick the Great and within the walls of the study would have fought under his banner any day – Prussia right or wrong. I have always been a staunch Etruscan patriot who wished Lars Porsena and Tarquin *had* sacked Rome, and my favourite verses in Horatius were the ones in which they seemed most likely to do so.

> Verbenna down to Ostia
> Hath wasted all the plain;
> Astur hath stormed Janiculum
> And the stout guards are slain . . .

But I go along with Kingsley Amis's claim, in the introduction to this splendid collection, that one must have the whole of Macaulay's *Lay* and not just chunks out of it.

> Upon St Crispin's day
> Fought was that noble fray,
> Which fame did not delay
> To England to carry . . .

'Noble' in such a context is a word for non-combatants, but so much the better: it is the *mot juste*. Worth noting too, perhaps, that if we substitute 'Britain' in that last line the poem is not worth reciting at all.

Mr Amis's introduction to his collection of old favourites, which, as he points out, may not now be so well-known as they once were, is full of his accustomed wit and penetration. The young may need reminding that 'poetry need be none the worse for being neither egotistical nor formless'. 'Reciter' is a 19th-century term for poems that

> sound well and go well when spoken in a declamatory style, a style very far indeed removed from any of those to be found at that (alas!) characteristically 20th-century occasion, the poetry recital, with all its exhibitionism and sheer bad art.

Coterie poetry has no monopoly of 'sheer bad art', but it is true that popular recitation and the emotions that go with it require a degree of robustness, a unanimity based on a far from ignoble kind of common relish, which is not often found today where poetry is spoken aloud. Hymns did their bit, as Mr Amis's selection shows. 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains' by Bishop Reginald Heber finds a place together with 'O God, Our Help in Ages Past', composed by Isaac Watts a hundred years or so earlier; and both are on excellent terms with Francis Scott Key's 'The Star-Spangled Banner' and Cowper's 'On the Loss of the Royal George'.

One thing that stands out is the difference not only in how patriotism was expressed in popular verse, as between the 18th and 19th centuries, but in the nature of the thing itself. For the Elizabethans, as for the Augustans, patriotism was essentially a business matter, a success report, like the satisfaction of making a fortune or founding a family. Art, as well as trade, will follow the flag, as James Thomson makes clear in 'Rule, Britannia'.

> To thee belongs the rural reign;
> Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
> All thine shall be the subject main,
> And every shore it circles thine.
> Rule, etc.
>
> The Muses, still with freedom found,
> Shall to thy happy coast repair:
> Blest isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
> And manly hearts to guard the fair . . .

Your chairman now has no patriotic dividend to declare: the way is all downhill; but apart from that, this form of patriotism is surely much more congenial than when the Recessional shades begin to fall, and it becomes a moral matter: worse, a public-school matter, often found in association with sexual purity – 'my strength is of the strength of ten because my heart is pure'. Even the ranks of Tuscany were expected to behave like well-trained boys at a school match, and Newbolt makes the connection quite explicit in the immortal cadences of 'He Fell Among Thieves' and 'Vitai Lampada'.

> There's a breathless hush in the Close tonight –
> Ten to make and the match to win –
> A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
> An hour to play and the last man in.
> And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
> Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
> But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote –
> 'Play up! play up! and play the game!'
>
> The sand of the desert is sodden red, –
> Red with the wreck of a square that broke; –
> The Gatling's jammed and the colonel dead,
> And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
> The river of death has brimmed his banks,
> And England's far, and Honour a name,
> But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
> 'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

The rallying cry is as ritualistic as anything in Macaulay's *Lays*: one doubts whether it would have been utterable, or comprehensible, in either context, but those contexts themselves are brilliantly established. The jamming of the Gatling was a serious matter, as a bumping pitch would be. Charles Wolfe was equally factual in 'The Burial of Sir John Moore after Corunna':

> And we heard the distant and random gun
> That the foe was sullenly firing.

Haunting lines but wholly prosaic – a battery laid on a fixed aim continued what was technically known as random fire after nightfall in hopes of annoying the enemy. It is true that Wolfe has his troops turning the sods with their bayonets – about as impractical with an 1808 pattern three-cornered job as with a knitting needle – but his poem is grounded in the sense of a real occasion and real and complex emotions of indignation and pride.

Wolfe's is a beautiful and moving poem, of a quality wholly different from Newbolt's, and yet they share the same gift of total memorability needful to the reciter's art. Impossible at any time, now or then, to ham up Wolfe's poem on Moore, yet there is a sense in which recitation poems tacitly ask for a certain degree of hamming up – the need for it is built into their robust structure and they call for an emotion to be expressed without reserve or embarrassment. Even if we give that emotion an accent of camp it still remains, as in 'The Wreck of the Hesperus' or 'The Village Blacksmith'. Newbolt may now require to be read in the accents of Betjeman, but in some odd way the emotions that Joan Hunter-Dunne inspired are also as simple and as resonant as those which the earlier poet attributed to his schoolboys and subalterns.

That is why one is a bit repelled, surely, by the patronising self-deprecation of Orwell's comments on 'good bad poetry' which exists to satisfy 'almost a shameful pleasure, like the taste for cheap sweets that some people secretly carry into middle life'. Rubbish; as Mr Amis knows and his collection admirably demonstrates, there is nothing shameful about the technical and emotional enjoyment of

## Among this week's contributors:

JOHN BAYLEY is the Warton Professor of English at the University of Oxford. His books include *Tolstoy and the Novel, Pushkin: A Comparative Commentary* and *An Essay on Hardy*.

RICHARD COBB is Professor of Modern History at the University of Oxford. Among his more recent publications are *A Sense of Place* and *Tour de France*.

NOËL ANNAN is Vice-Chancellor of the University of London. He is the author of *Leslie Stephen: His Thought and Character in Relation to His Time*.

ASA BRIGGS is Provost of Worcester College, Oxford. His books include a *History of Broadcasting in the United Kingdom*.

PAUL JOHNSON's most recent books are *A History of Christianity* and *Enemies of Society*.

GEORGE MACDONALD FRASER is the author of the *Flashman* novels.

GAVIN EWART is Chairman of the Poetry Society. His latest books of verse are *No Fool Like An Old Fool* and *Or Where A Young Penguin Lies Screaming*.

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'Barbara Frietchie' or 'The Runnable Stag' or 'The Ballad of East and West' or

> But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
> Across the sands of Dee.

Orwell was expressing, naturally enough, the last infirmity of the public-school mind – embarrassment and recoil, together with a secret gluttony, for verse that had once seemed a conditioned part of class and culture. Emancipated from all that, he refound it as a secret indulgence, the 'cheap music' that Noël Coward said was so potent. There may be cheap music but there is no cheap poetry: recital is the real thing or nothing, and Kingsley Amis has a sure ear for it – it was a brilliant touch to include 'Easter 1916' in the category.

Recital verse is very definitely a genre, more definable than light verse. Its rhythms need the voice, as a hymn needs to be sung, or at least imagined in the singing, yet the words are not merely carried by the rhythms. As the example from Drayton's 'Agincourt' shows, they can be as subtly non-interchangeable as in Eliot or Mallarmé.

**Richard Cobb**

# The Necessity of Zionism

**Bernard-Lazare: Antisemitism and the Problem of Jewish Identity in Late Nineteenth-Century France** by NELLY WILSON *Cambridge* £12.50

**Two Rothschilds and the Land of Israel** by SIMON SCHAMA *Collins* £7

Both these good books are concerned with the problem of Jewish identity within a national society; and, in both cases, the principal character, moving from a position of entrenched 'assimilation', ends up by discovering not only the virtues, but even the necessity, of Zionism, if only as a guarantee of physical survival. In his opening paragraph, Dr Schama points out that there is no such thing as a 'typical Jew', and that in the 19th-century context, he could have been

> a Salonika stevedore, a horse trader from Metz, or a dry-goods merchant on the Oregon trail . . . a mendicant seminarist in Jerusalem, a peddler from Vitebsk . . . a tailor's cutter in the Viennese Jüdengasse . . . a marriage broker in Lwów or a stockbroker in Amsterdam.

– to which might be added the exemplary social progression of the Lazare family over a 70-year period in Nîmes, from *marchand colporteur* to old-clothes merchant, thence to small tailor, and from there to the liberal professions.

But apart from being well written and carefully researched the two studies have little else in common. Bernard-Lazare, it is true, did once meet Baron de Rothschild (in 1896); but the meeting was not altogether successful, the Baron apparently believing that the anarchist intellectual had come to kill him! Dr Wilson's account concludes with the death of Bernard-Lazare in 1903, Dr Schama's book with the death of Edmond's son, James de Rothschild, in 1957. Dr Wilson writes primarily of the conversion of an educated and assimilated French anti-Semitic Jew to the cause of Zionism; Dr Schama is concerned with the practical problems posed by the development of the Baron's settlements in Palestine. In the one case, the subject is limited to the problems of French Jewry; in the other, it extends to Jewish settlers from all over Europe, and above all from the Pale.

Bernard-Lazare's background might be taken as a case history of a Jewish family from Nîmes. It begins, two years after the decree of 1791 granting full citizenship to *les gens de la nation juive*, with the arrival in Nîmes of Bernard's great-grandfather, Marcus Lazare, a German Jew described as a *marchand colporteur*, who, shortly after, married a girl with the endearing name of Sage Israel Suisse, of a long-established local Sephardic family. His grandfather, born in the Year VI, was engaged in the old-clothes trade, his father rising to that of tailor and moving out of the ghetto on to the Boulevard. The four sons, after a *lycée* education, also bettered themselves: Bernard became a writer, one brother an Army officer, another a doctor, a third a publisher. All four moved to Paris in their twenties, *la montée à Paris* having a pull as insistent on young Jewish Nîmois as on young Protestant ones in the 1880s and 1890s. Not before, in Bernard's case, the young man had distinguished himself in the *Société littéraire et artistique de Nîmes*, of which a leading light was a Nîmois with one of those extravagantly chosen southern Christian names, Phoebus Jouve.

Once in Paris, Bernard, who seems to have been a very silly and very intense young man, gravitated towards the symbolists, soon to be sucked up by *boulangisme*, anti-Republicanism, an admiration for the dreadful Barrès, and an anti-Semitism derived from violent antipathy to the Ashkenazim, whom he described as 'Hunnish'. From *boulangisme*, he moved without difficulty towards the extremer forms of anarchism, as a result of his admiration for Proudhon, his contempt for the marxists (whom he described with great eloquence: 'je connais peu de groupes d'hommes dont la médiocrité moyenne et individuelle soit aussi grande. Elle n'a d'égale que leur sectarisme'), for State socialism and for Jaurès. In 1894, at the height of the anti-anarchist repression, he fled – to the Belgian seaside resort of Knocke. But the French police, no doubt rightly, showed little interest in him, describing him as 'an anarchist intellectual dilettante'. It was the Dreyfus Affair that made him acutely aware of his Jewish identity and that resulted in his whole-hearted adherence to Zionism.

To the more sensible *Dreyfusards*, anxious above all to play down the Jewish aspect of the Affaire, he was an embarrassing ally, insisting as he did on making an issue of anti-Semitism, at a time when Mathieu Dreyfus and other members of the family were anxious above all to avoid such matters of principle and to fight on a purely judicial front. Bernard-Lazare, always excessive, emerges as something of a bumbler and a barger-in; but by 1899, he was beginning to show a bit of sense and to realise that it was necessary to acquire powerful political allies, including socialists and radicals. By the time of his death in 1903, he could be seen as a leading *Dreyfusard*, certainly the most eloquent one, but perhaps not the most effective one. Dr Wilson rather takes it out on the Dreyfus family for not attending his funeral and for their absence at the time of the erection of a monument to him in 1908. Perhaps they did not think him quite as important as she does.

As soon as the monument was put up, a squadron from the *Action Française* was sent to Nîmes and smashed it. His widow lived until she was 96 and had to report to the Vichy authorities as a Jewess. As the author reminds us, anti-Semitism in France has the memory of an elephant and a capacity to hate that can match Streicher in its virulent obscenity. Bernard-Lazare may have been an excessive person; but, once he had discovered his identity, he is revealed as man of great compassion.

Dr Schama's book is very good indeed, showing the same mastery over a mass of research material, the same sense of humour and the same historical scope as in his splendid study of the Netherlands. It opens with a brilliant account of the condition of the Jewish communities in Russia and in Rumania during the 1870s and 1880s and of the various eastern strands of emergent Zionism. His principal character, the redoubtable Baron Edmond, is a gift to any biographer, a terrible old tartar and disciplinarian, very shrewd, extremely practical, with a passion for every type of agricultural or viticultural experiment, running his 'colony' from the panelled grandeur of the rue Lafitte, and maintaining in Palestine a small army of officials representing his *tutelle*; himself concerned to lay down every detail of the lives of the settlers, including hygiene, cleanliness, exercise, leisure, furniture, there is yet something very moving about his dedication to the creation of a viable

# This English

**Six very eye-catching winners this week (I must say it makes my job a lot easier): three illiterate comments on illiteracy, and three duff headlines.**

☐ *The Go Between* (c) This brought some sensitive appreciation of Leo's personality, and indeed was a popular question, done well. Regretfully, however, there were candidates who wrote the story of the book, often slipping in a final relevant paragraph at the end. *The Associated Examining Board's Reports of Examiners, June Exam 1977* (Alan Gray & Sheila Marchant)

☐ 10.30 *Word for Word:* Robert Robinson and Vicky Payne looks at the uses and abuses of the English language. *The Times* (Rory Manchée)

☐ It says something about modern educational values that we are still prepared to spend ten times as much on the education of a university graduate as a nurse. *Guardian* (Professor K.H. Overton)

☐ Wave of Strikes Halt Persian Oil Exports *Daily Telegraph* (Dr R.E.W. Fisher)

☐ Inquiry Into Anti-Muslim Riots Are To Go Ahead *The Times* (James R. Williams)

☐ Britons in Iran Warned: Lay Low *Daily Mail* (Fritz Spiegl)

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# Christmas Fiction

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*John Naughton,* **Listener** **£3.95**

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### AUTUMN MANOEUVRES
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*Paul Johnson,* **Times Literary Supplement** **£4.50**

## Tom Sharpe
### THE THROWBACK
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## A. N. Wilson
Winner of the 1978 *John Llewelyn Rhys Memorial Prize*
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## Delmore Schwartz
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### and other stories
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Immortalised in Saul Bellow's **Humboldt's Gift,** Delmore Schwartz's legend was as a *poète maudit.* This collection includes his finest delineations of New York intellectuals in the 1930s and 1940s, many of which are barely disguised autobiography. **£4.90**

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## Georgi Markov & David Phillips
### THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHIMPANZEE
Britain is in a crisis. The only hope is a National Government. But who would have thought that, through the machinations of a nonagenarian Oxford professor, the new Prime Minister would turn out to be a chimpanzee. This hilarious satire on British politics contains just that grain of truth to make it acceptable. **£4.50**

Secker & Warburg


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Jewish homeland and about his remarkable ability to see ahead and to plan over a very long period.

There were of course many difficulties and much friction, both between the Baron and the Zionists, and between his own officials and local collectivists; and these the author does not seek to disguise. But he is rightly concerned to give due credit to the Baron and to his English son, James, and to emphasise the very considerable contribution, both material and moral, made by them towards the creation of the Land of Israel and its survival through periods of intense difficulties; and he is therefore at pains to stress the importance of the Palestine Jewish Colonisation Association (PICA) in the development of a viable economy, thanks to very careful planning over the years. It is an account that is lightened by humour and warmth, by an eye for the quirkiness of individuals, and by an understanding of the grievances of the Arab population. And, despite the description of so many tribulations, disasters, failures and lost hopes, it is in fact a happy book, telling the story of how a great people found themselves and built for themselves a homeland and a State their very own.

**Noël Annan**

# The Needs of Men

**The Times We Live In** by MARC with an introduction by James Fenton *Cape* £2.50

A new generation of undergraduates appeared in Cambridge in 1950 precisely. That was the year when Mark Boxer appeared in King's, wearing a maroon dinner jacket and an insouciant expression, and ended his days there by editing *Granta*. Former editors had agonised over whether to include a prose-poem contributed by a deviant in Sidney Sussex in preference to an ingratiating profile of the President of the Union whom the editor hoped to succeed. Mark Boxer was indifferent to such manoeuvres: what he was interested in was lay-out. His was the new professionalism of the undergraduates of the Fifties which left their predecessors looking like affected old dilettanti. An older generation of drama buffs had been content to produce or appear in four or five productions a year: the generation of Peter Hall, John Barton and Peter Wood expected to take part in a dozen or so productions – and to get the class of degree which they had settled for. The editor of *Varsity*, interested in copy so far as it promoted circulation, expected to be, and not infrequently was, hired by the Beaverbrook press on going down. Mark Boxer's handsome, readable and delectably illustrated numbers won him *réclame*. His modesty and gift for conspicuous outrage won him friends.

There was a faint hiccup. In his last term he published by chance a blasphemous poem, and the pious Vice-Chancellor of the day demanded his expulsion. I always doubted whether the editor had ever read it, his mind on the higher plane of five point Goudy, but a sympathetic barrister pronounced the poem to be not only grossly but legally blasphemous. Intercession by King's got the sentence commuted to rustication for the whole of May Week: the period was devilishly calculated so as to end the day after the King's Ball, thus enabling Boxer to keep his last term and take his degree but miss the Ball. Fortunately the Vice-Chancellor had forgotten that May Balls go on after midnight; and like an inverted Cinderella on the stroke of midnight Mr Boxer appeared on the dance floor and was later transported to Fleet Street without needing a pumpkin coach, a godmother – or a fairy.

But would he ever get a degree? The brouhaha had broken out while he was taking his tripos and it looked as if one ought to be prepared to present what would not be the strongest of cases for an aegrotat. The phrases began to form in one's mind – severe emotional disturbance – guilt-ridden symptoms of remorse – psychiatrist's report enclosed. As his tutor (no light assignment) I made a discreet inquiry of one of his examiners. 'You have nothing to fear', he told me. 'Thin though some of his work may be, he has written a fetching essay on *The Wind in the Willows*.' But such affairs are not quite so light-hearted as dons imagine. Students even in those remote days had their pride. And Mark Boxer calmly calculated how much a degree would be worth to him and decided to decline to take it.

Something of this cool appraisal of life shows through these drawings. Osbert Lancaster's *monstres sacrés* were lovable creatures. Littlehampton is an affectionate fellow who must have belonged to the Boller when at Oxford and might even have been considered for a junior minister s post under Macmillan. Maudie is every uninhibited, amoral and life-enhancing Tory hostess of the Fifties. She loves no one but is b ave, malicious about her friends but loyal to them. The Littlehamptons know that their world is doomed but they enjoy making sorties from their rickety castle to inflict wounds on the alien culture that is destroying theirs.

Marc's Simon and Joanna Stringalong are not life-enhancing. Joanna loves no one, is cowardly, has no friends and if she had would be disloyal to them. Her commitment is to causes. Causes too she discards when they cease to be trendy. The Stringalong manners – the manners of the intelligentsia in the academies and the media – are accepted as the norm, and the Littlehamptons have been elbowed aside. The Stringalongs poison life and Marc hates them.

Or is hate too strong a word? Marc is a great observer; he sees through, well, not perhaps the deeds of men, but through their needs. He knows their need for flattery, social status, self-righteousness, money acquired by tax evasion or by trade-union skulduggery, their lack of courtesy or concern for women, their assumption that the world is ordered for them. He chalks up the nation's fakes and duplicities as we coast down-hill: worker directorships, directors' lunches, bread strikes, pornography, pop festivals, shop-lifting, life peerages. For in the whirlpool of intelligentsia culture everything must have an intellectual justification. Old-style prejudice or defence of a practice by citing custom is out: that is the world of the Littlehamptons. In the world Marc satirises everything has to be defended by reason. The vice of the Littlehampton set is stark insensibility. The vice of the Stringalong mafia is hypocrisy.

Political cartoonists use their pen like a claymore. Slashing and bashing away, the Scarfes leave a trail of blood behind them: whole gobbets of flesh fly off, hacked from the bones of their victims. Marc employs the modern weapon of the hypodermic in the umbrella. As in the immortal *Private Eye* cartoon, you scarcely feel the prick. His caricatures are incomparable because he picks on the one fatal defect in character, and depicts it so skilfully that the victim's jocular laughter dies on his lips as the penny drops and he suddenly feels queasy.

The secret of the daily commentary cartoonist is to be relaxed and to forget indignation. Osbert Lancaster's cartoons resemble bull-dogs, ferocious in appearance but in reality kindly, snuffling creatures who bury their heads in your lap. Marc's cartoons are corgis who frisk in front of you as you walk but are apt to turn and nip your ankle. He is so economical in his use of heavy and light line, and so tuned in that he knows exactly what accessories a Sloane Ranger would be wearing. The pocket cartoon does not give him the same scope that his strip cartoons gave him for developing characters; but it has compelled him to leave NW1 and explore other worlds. He is particularly adept at catching the evil thought as it flickers across the mind of our exploiters. Don't leave his book in the lavatory to be stolen by your guests: put it on your shelves to remind you in ten years of the frailties of our age. Don't be deceived by the

**Andrew Motion**

# Anne Frank Huis

Even now, after twice her lifetime of grief
and anger in the very place, whoever comes
to climb these narrow stairs, discovers how
the bookcase slides aside, then
walks through
shadow into sunlit rooms, can never help

but break her secrecy again. Just listening
is a kind of guilt: the Westerkirk repeats
itself outside, as if all time worked round
towards her fear, and made each stroke die
down on guarded streets. Imagine it –

three years of whispering and loneliness
and plotting, day by day, the Allied line
in Europe with a yellow chalk. What hope
she had for ordinary love and interest
survives her here, displayed above the bed

as pictures of her family; some actors;
fashions chosen by Princess Elizabeth.
And those who stoop to see them find
not only patience missing its reward,
but one enduring wish for chances like

my own: to leave as simply as I do,
and walk where couples stroll at ease
up dusty tree-lined avenues, or watch
a silent barge come clear of bridges
settling their reflections in the blue canal.

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demure smile and the courtesy of his cartoons. Cartoonists, not players, are today the abstract and brief chronicles of the time. You had best use them well . . .

Gavin Ewart

# Could Be Verse

**Some of me poetry, Some more of me poetry** and **Thoughts of a Late-Night Knitter** by PAM AYRES *Arrow Books* £1 each
**All Pam's Poems** by PAM AYRES *Hutchinson* £2.95

No beautiful lines, no similes, no metaphors. Very few adjectives. But Pam Ayres is a first-class entertainer in the tradition of Cyril Fletcher on pre-war radio, of Stanley Holloway with his monologues about Old Sam and Young Albert (eaten by a lion at Blackpool Zoo) and even of Gracie Fields, whose perky regionalism once wooed and won the audiences of the frigid South. The appeal of such material, presented by someone with a sympathetic personality, is very wide. Fletcher's Odd Odes reached people who would normally run a mile rather than listen to poetry. In 1940 the drill sergeant in charge of the batch of East Surreys of which I was a member used to say to the dopier members of the squad: 'You're always fuckin' dreamin' o' thee!' I never heard any other poetry quoted by NCOs on parade – and everybody knew exactly whom and what he was quoting.

To take the first book first. *Some of me poetry* establishes the nature of the pieces. Humorous anecdote is the norm; or a situation is examined for its ironies (Christmas commercialism). Everyday life, of the most everyday kind, is omnipresent. As the victim of a cold she declares:

> Me friends have run for cover,
> They have left me pale and sick
> With me pockets full of tissues
> And me nostrils full of Vick.

The Christmas poem ('Goodwill to Men give us your Money') is nearer in technique to the ballad and the broadsheet:

> Out in the frozen countryside,
> Men crept round on their own,
> Hacking off the holly,
> What other folks had grown,
> Mistletoe in willow trees,
> Was by a man wrenched clear,
> So he could kiss his neighbour's wife,
> He'd fancied all the year.

Naïve punctuation (commas with everything) and disregard for grammar ('What other folks had grown') combine to increase the humour and, accidentally perhaps, to lessen the satirical impact.

Another poem, 'The Battery Hen', is written very much in the same spirit as Kipling's *Barrack Room Ballads*, designed to make the point that hens/soldiers are living and suffering animals/human beings.

> But it's no life, for a battery hen,
> In me box I'm sat,
> A funnel stuck out from the side,
> Me pellets comes down that,
> I gets a squirt of water,
> Every half a day,


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# Two men were watching a mechanical excavator on a building site.

# "If it wasn't for that machine," said one, "twelve men with shovels could be doing that job."

# "Yes," replied the other, "and if it

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# wasn't for your twelve shovels, two hundred men with teaspoons could be doing that job."

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Watchin' with me beady eye,
Me eggs, roll away.

Change the Midlands for Cockney and this is very like Kipling. Naïveté is not an embarrassment in this kind of verse; it is sought after. Inversion ('And the roundabout he drove') is expected. If she had written 'He drove the roundabout' she would have missed the rhyme with 'cove'. When rhymes are hard to come by, as all schoolchildren forced to write rhyming verse will tell you, you have to do such things. The British public, anyway, still expects a poem to be like this.

Words like 'wondrous', 'forsooth' and 'o'er' are also standard. Everybody knows that poets use them all the time. In early poems by the Poet Laureate you will find similar slightly archaic forms ('ev'ning', ' 'tis', 'blessèd'), and lines like 'For me in my timber arbour/ You have one more message yet'. The poems concerned are 'Death in Leamington', 'The Wykehamist', 'Trebetherick' and 'Westgate-on-Sea'. I purposely haven't quoted from poems that are exercises in a style, like 'Hymn' (a hymn) and 'Tristernagh Today' (an Irish song). Except for 'The Wykehamist' these are serious poems, untouched by satire.

When she is colloquial rather than 'poetic' Pam Ayres is at her best. 'Like You Would' and 'The Bunny Poem' are genuinely funny, both having the surprise ending that suits live performance. Frogs and hedgehogs get killed on roads, fairground entrepreneurs and garages are exploiters of the public, starlings are greedy, and so on. The subject matter isn't world-shaking.

*Some more of me poems* ('HALF A MILLION COPIES SOLD') carries on the good work, with a nice nostalgic poem about 'Puddings', 'The Husband's Lament' (suburban inferno), 'The Wedding' (beginning of ditto), 'The Secretary's Song' (office blues), 'The Annual Holiday', 'I am a Cunning Vending Machine', and a poem about metrication. Some of the anecdotes, however, are too obviously contrived and the short pieces too slight. *Thoughts of a Late-Night Knitter* shows, I think, a great deal of improvement. The verse is a lot smoother. 'I Don't Want to go to School Mum' and 'The Car Wash Black and Blues' are good ballads; 'Ever Since I Had me Op' is effective satire, 'Clive the Fearless Birdman' is effective black comedy. The poem that gives the book its title is a dramatic monologue well up to Betjeman standard (compare perhaps, as an example of this kind of poem, his 'Hunter Trials'). There is less self-consciousness and the verse has lost its old-fashioned look. Blurb-words like 'outrageous' and 'uproarious' aren't right, but there is unmistakable ability and entertainment value – and it's only £2.95 for *All Pam's Poems*.

**Paul Johnson**

# The Illustromat

**The Times Atlas of World History** edited by Geoffrey Barraclough *Times Books* £20

What should a historical atlas be? Let me give my definition first, and then examine some modern notions. Such a book should be, in the first and last place, an atlas, one created by cartographers but to the brief of historians. The maps should be on as large a scale as possible (with the scales clearly marked), not necessarily to uniform projections, but with the type of projection used in each case indicated. Accuracy should be paramount, contours should be marked wherever possible, and the maximum number of place-names included (together, of course, with an exhaustive index). The atlas should not seek to replace the writing of history, which is the function of books in text. It should be a work of reference (like, for instance, a biographical dictionary) to which the scholar can turn to resolve his doubts on all geographical matters which impinge on his subject. A really good historical atlas should be one which can be constantly and profitably used by, say, a Regius Professor of Modern History.

Recently a quite different type of historical atlas has appeared. The outstanding example was produced in Germany in 1964 and was made available here, in a two-volume Penguin translation, a decade later. It incorporates two developments: the modern concise encyclopedia, aimed at a mass teenage-student readership, and in which vivid diagrammatic illustrations supplement (or even dominate) a meagre text; and, secondly, the influence of TV, in which visual material, even if static by nature, is presented in dynamic form. The object is to convey information as quickly, as easily and from the commercial point of view as cheaply as possible. Whether such a manner of teaching is always effective – except at fairly elementary levels – is open to doubt. Even on TV, where the material can be made to move, and so is truly dynamic, such 'graphics' and 'visuals' often promote confusion rather than clarity, as Professor Galbraith's disastrous TV series indicated. But it is the trend.

The new *Times Atlas* is edited by Professor Barraclough, who is usually in the vanguard of intellectual fashion. He must have worked very hard on this volume, whose 600 maps and 300,000-word text are entirely new and which, all things considered, is modestly priced. But whom is it for? The text is elementary and often suffers from its concision. People called 'technical illustrators' were used to produce the maps, rather than cartographers. The atlas employed what is termed 'an amazing new machine called The Illustromat'. This was originally developed – so we are told in the publicity handout – 'to produce spectacular graphics for the Rolls-Royce aero-engine salesmen'. In this case it 'draws maps with three-dimensional perspective with complete accuracy from a two-dimensional source and is mathematically correct'. Many of the maps thus produced are then covered in arrows, which give the TV effect; as the handout insists, 'They are *not* static maps, but dynamic maps *showing history in the making*.'

Now I can see that this work will appeal to a bright teenager, or even an undergraduate who has not yet become accustomed to academic discipline; or even, say, to someone who cares about history, but not keenly enough to study it in detail. Public libraries will need to buy it, but I do not see how it can be much good for scholars, unless they want to acquire fairly general knowledge of areas (e.g. Africa, Latin-America – the atlas is emphatically *not* 'Euro-centred') outside their subject. There are no scales, no contours, no indications of projections, above all not enough place-names.

Thus, if I want to look up the Chinese Shang culture, I will find a number of sites marked but only two identified (and both approximations). I could find nothing about the earliest Near Eastern cities, excavated by Kathleen Kenyon and others. In the case of Ancient Egypt, the general map is not bad, but the Delta section is poor and there are no detailed maps of the Thebes area or the Old Kingdom pyramid sites near Mephis; instead we get a poor map of Amarna, which was occupied only for a few years and was quite atypical. I also missed a really good map of the Mycenaean Age, which after all is of enormous interest nowadays, and the 'dynamic' map showing the collapse of the Bronze Age states towards the end of the second millennium BC is not very illuminating. I can't help comparing the treatment of this whole early period with the 56 maps in the four volumes of the new, third edition of the *Cambridge Ancient History*: these are what I call real maps, with pinpoint accuracy and masses of detail.

In general the maps are too small (which makes the Penguin volumes more powerful competitors than they ought to be) and much space is wasted on text, and illustrations of cultural objects which serve no purpose. In treating the development of Christianity, the *Atlas* gives us little maps of the spread of heresies and the rise of monasticism which are pretty well useless. Had they and other bits and pieces been scrapped, we could have had a really big, double-page map of Early Christianity; as it is, the one we are given marks all or most of the sites of churches before AD 600 but there is not enough space for half of them to be identified. The map of the Jewish diaspora is fairly big but sacrifices detail to arrows and compares unfavourably with similar material in Martin Gilbert's *Jewish History Atlas*. The map of Judaea in first century BC and first century AD, which must be of passionate concern to nearly everyone interested in the past, is too small to tell you anything of significance; and the map of 'Islam Today', dealing with the distribution of Sunni and Shi'a moslems, is, I would say, not only useless but positively confusing.

Some maps simply puzzle me. There is one showing new towns in England and Wales 1066-1190 (an odd period to choose, since it excludes the Alfredan and Danish ones, and the later, very interesting fortified towns of Edward I) in which not one is identified. *Cui bono*? On important subjects where maps really help a lot – the Albigensian Crusade, the Papal-Imperial struggle in Italy, the origins of the Hundred Years War in south-west France – the vital place-name detail is simply not there. The map of the English Civil War is an insult, and in general Britain is badly treated, the only decent map being of the Industrial Revolution.

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The book has merits. China and India are often well done. The maps showing the development of Russian history are outstanding, and both Eastern Europe and Scandinavia come in for detailed and illuminating treatment which is usually denied them (the double-spread on the Byzantine Empire is also successful). North America is depicted in a rather cursory fashion during the Colonial epoch, but thereafter the United States gets handsome and often highly original coverage. The atlas improves in time and the best sections are those set in the 20th century. But I note that, in virtually every case, the clearest and most illuminating maps are those of a conventional kind, without infernal Rolls-Royce machines or over-busy arrows. The arrows, indeed, often simplify what cannot, with accuracy, be simplified at all. The book is elegantly printed and stoutly bound. I shall keep it on my shelves; but I can't see myself treating it as an oracle.

**George MacDonald Fraser**

# Guffawgraph

**Victorian England as seen by 'Punch'** by FRANK E. HUGGETT *Sidgwick* £6.95

'I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history' – thus Macaulay, defending his decision to include in his *History of England* not only the great affairs of states and monarchs, but also such small-change as 'dress, furniture, repasts and public amusements'. Appropriately enough, he wrote the words within a few months of the first publication of *Punch*, that 'guffawgraph and refuge of destitute wit' which is now one of the most vital social records of the 19th century, and exactly the kind of source which Macaulay would have mined if only it had existed 200 years earlier. For *Punch* is the heart of history under a magnifying glass, and to skim through its collected volumes is to obtain a view of the Victorian scene equivalent to looking at a colour transparency of a picture which one has previously seen only in black and white.

It is, for example, one thing to read a factual account of the origins of the Crimean War, and quite another to read the contemporary record of what the middle classes thought about it at the time, what jokes were made, how establishment views contrasted with the popular, what the catch-phrases were – in fine, what the sense of the country was, with all its conflicting ideas, interests and prejudices, seen through the irreverent eyes of comic journalism. This is what *Punch* did, in the name of humour, and unwittingly provided a unique record of popular thought and gossip; there is no window on the past to touch it. To get the idea, compare the speech delivered by Palmerston at the Reform Club dinner on 7 March 1854 with *Punch*'s account of the same function, 'The After Dinner Speech at the Improvement Club', which not only makes it plain that dear old Pam must have been flying drunk, but is also a gem of political parody.

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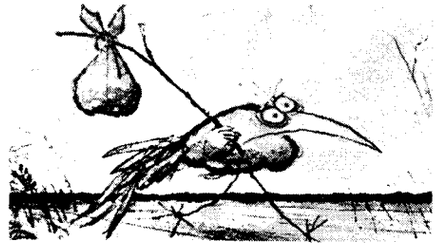

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conventional history, however, it is also true that a sound knowledge of conventional history is essential to a reading and understanding of Victorian *Punch*. Topicality dies like the mayfly, and while even the uninitiated can gather from a series of *Punch* volumes that the streets of London were no safer 120 years ago than they are today, that Nelson's Column was the subject of as much mixed feeling and controversy as Concorde is now, that army officers were generally unpopular, and that women's fashions were a constant source of amusement, a good deal of the editorial content is baffling unless one knows the facts behind the joke. *Punch*'s editors performed an invaluable service when, in binding their collected volumes, they inserted some explanatory notes; even so, I would still like to know what was so extraordinarily funny about Sir Robert Peel's velveteen trousers, or why Palmerston was always depicted with a straw in his mouth.

Mr Huggett, in assembling his volume, has written what is in effect a very useful historical sketch of the Victorian scene; he has split it into sections covering a few years at a time, with cartoons and extracts to embellish his text, which traces the rise of *Punch* itself, from the first years of radical zeal under Lemon and Jerrold, to the more comfortable middle-class comic mirror which it became. *Punch* altered with the years, in a political sense; its championship of the poor and downtrodden became muted as the old order changed; its attitude to royalty varied from venomous attack to sickening adulation, its tone increasingly reflected the prosperous white-collar views of the majority of its readers – but some things remained constant.

Foreigners, Irishmen and Scotsmen were always funny; so were servants, and the lower classes, although there is an almost resentful sense about the below-stairs jokes as the century advances, which no doubt reflects an increasing awareness that servants no longer knew their place as they used to. To do *Punch* justice, the middle and upper classes were funny too; children were an absolute scream, in a coarsely pathetic way if they were poor and in a precociously obnoxious fashion if they were well-to-do. Americans were not popular, being either nasty or vulgar or both. The *nouveaux riches*, of course, were the greatest butt of all – which is interesting, when one considers that materially they represented the ambitions of most *Punch* readers.

What one takes for granted, leafing through the old pages, is the excellence of its contributors. It is almost proverbial that *Punch* jokes are awful; in fact, they're not. Even at their heaviest, they are interesting, illustrating as they do the development of English humour from the robust heartiness of the early Victorian years through the sheer rudeness and cruelty of the Nineties and the Edwardian era to the blander twee of the Twenties and Thirties. The strata overlap, naturally, with odd little deposits turning up out of context – there is a series called 'Mokeanna', for example, round about the 1850s, I think, which seems to foreshadow the Goon Show. But almost invariably the art work is brilliant, and is probably the chief reason why *Punch* has survived.

It is probably too much to hope that Mr Huggett will devote himself to writing an expanded commentary on Victorian *Punch* (so that I can find out about Peel's trousers, for one thing), but it is to be hoped that he will at least produce a companion volume on *Punch* in the 20th century. And if he or some other enthusiasts want to do historians of the future a good turn, they might devote themselves to producing an explanatory commentary to the modern editions of *Punch* and *Private Eye*, so that later generations will be able to understand the satirist's view of the present, with all those ironies, topicalities, and in-jokes which will otherwise be lost a century from now.

**Rosemary Dinnage**

# Haunted House

**Berggasse 19: Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna 1938** introduced by Peter Gay *Basic Books* £14.95

**Sigmund Freud: His Life in Pictures and Words** *Deutsch* £15

Vienna in, say, 1937 – before the swastika hangs over his home; you are paying your respects to the venerable founder of psychoanalysis. You turn off near the university, mount a steep street, and, before you reach the flea market, stop at the heavy doors between Kornmehl the butcher and the Cooperative grocery. Passing through fin-de-siècle marble and wrought iron, you find on the second floor Prof. Dr Freud's plate. He has lived here for 46 years; five children have left; a family of four remains in the spacious communicating flats. If you have been invited to a family meal you will be admitted by the right-hand front door, to a *gemütlich* bourgeois sitting room or dining room heavily supplied with lace, potted plants, knick-knacks, embroidered cushions, and family photographs. If you are expected at the left-hand door that leads to the Professor's study and consulting room, you will pass through the waiting room, wondering who the ugly gentlemen in the photographs are (an unsatisfactory bunch of colleagues, as Freud said himself) and noting the centrally placed certificate of membership of the British Psychological Society.

Finally, the study and consulting room themselves; there the surprised visitor wonders, probably, whether he has strayed into a minor department of the British Museum. Around the couch (deliciously opulent-looking), on the tables, shelves, desk, floor, is neatly ranged Freud's vast collection of antiquities: Egyptian funerary figures, T'ang horses, Tanagra figurines, Greek torsos, Roman heads, Buddhas, urns, bas-reliefs, stelae, lamps. (How did people keep their minds on his analysis?) Even at his desk, Freud sat down to write faced by 29 ancient faces, mysterious, merry, impassive, beautiful or grotesque. In his introduction to *Berggasse 19* Peter Gay touches on the obvious parallel, of which Freud was well aware, between his passion for these fragments from the past and for psychoanalytical excavations. In the first psychoanalysis he carried out, Freud wrote, he

> arrived at a procedure which I later elevated to a method and deliberately employed: the procedure of clearing away, layer by layer, the pathogenic psychical material which we liked to

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compare with the technique of excavating a buried city.

The photographs were taken in 1938 at the suggestion of August Aichhorn, a younger colleague of Freud. Freud's books had already been publicly burnt; after the Anschluss the family had been visited by the Gestapo, and Anna Freud temporarily held for interrogation. After some high-level string-pulling the family had gained permission to leave for England. To avoid attracting Gestapo attention Edmund Engelman took his excellent pictures without even a flash; he himself escaped from Vienna just in time and eventually reached the US, but dared not take the negatives with him. When he tried to contact Aichhorn after the war he discovered he had died in the meantime, but the negatives had been sent on to Anna Freud. So here at last they are, noble survivors like the chipped torsos and ageless goddesses.

The book is finely produced, reverently annotated ('daily Freud descended these steps . . .'), and introduced by a eulogistic essay. It sounds portentous, perhaps, or rather dull, but is in fact entirely absorbing. Would that we had a similarly detailed visual record of the Kafka family flat in Prague; Cézanne's studio; Yasnaya Polyana!

*Sigmund Freud: His Life in Pictures and Words* is an even more weighty and imposing volume, a huge glossy scrapbook containing the usual coffee-table mixture of treasure-trove and picture-researchers' irrelevancies. The over-exposed Woolfs are in because Leonard once had tea with Freud, and a statuette of Moses, and the Paris Opera, and mountain views and regiments marching to war. But all the personal photographs are worth poring over. We can follow Freud's mother through from girlhood to extreme old age, pick out the grandchild whose loss caused Freud to write that he had never before experienced such grief, study the glum Silver Wedding party of 1911. We can see Freudova Street in Freiberg (now in Czechoslovakia), with its shawled housewives going about their business, and the stolid faces of the townsmen at the mayor's dedication of a memorial plaque on the birthplace. The pictures are well supported by quotations from letters and books: views of Freiberg and Vienna take on meaning in the context of extracts from the paper on 'Screen Memories' describing Freud's traumatic loss of his first, loved home – perhaps the source of his characteristic mixture of disillusionment and rootedness?

If there is a motif to be extracted from these pictures it might be: 'a nightmare and its resolution'. 'I remember [an anxiety dream] from my seventh or eighth year', Freud wrote in *The Interpretation of Dreams*:

> I saw my beloved mother, with a peculiarly peaceful, sleeping expression on her features, being carried into the room by two (or three) people with birds' beaks and laid upon the bed. I awoke in tears and screaming . . . The strangely draped and unnaturally tall figures were derived from the illustrations to Philippson's Bible. I fancy they must have been gods with falcons' heads from an ancient Egyptian funerary relief.

Foremost among the wonderful collection, the little objects that he often stroked while he talked and which brought him 'as much consolation as anything else in the struggle of life', are Egyptian antiquities, visibly outnumbering the rest, and the first objects he ever collected. On the wall of the consulting room hung a large picture of the temple at Abu Simbel and a reproduction of Ingres' painting of Oedipus interrogating the Sphinx. And now we find reproduced here a doodle of Freud's preserved by some disciple after a psychoanalytical meeting. It shows, among the scribbles, an extraordinary monster, a kind of spiked and feathered female head, still haunting his imagination.

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**Asa Briggs**

# On Approval

**Protest and Punishment: The Story of the Social and Political Protesters Transported to Australia, 1788-1868** by GEORGE RUDÉ *Oxford* £8.50

George Rudé established his reputation as a historian of crowds. Dissatisfied with comprehensive theories of mass behaviour, he set out to discover as much as he could about the individuals within those crowds. The first scene of action for him was 18th-century Europe, but he was writing in 20th-century Australia and has now moved to Canada. What more natural theme than the fate of convicts transported to Australia, particularly since a few of them (including American citizens) were sent there from Canada follow-


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ing the dual rebellion of 1837 and 1838? His new book is the product of 15 years' research, a longer term than that served by many of the convicts he has been studying.

As always, it is the human reckoning which concerns him. He starts with numbers and ends with individual cases. The research behind his book, meticulously detailed, has required a rare combination of patience, diligence, imagination and sympathy. An additional quality is also apparent in the final result – economy. Many historians would have needed a thousand pages: he is content with 270. Everything is superbly condensed and yet still direct. Two dozen or so of his convicts appear in the *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, but he doesn't neglect the rest. 'Let them be allowed to emerge,' he concludes, 'and bask a little in the approval that posterity has too long refused them.'

All in all, nearly 162,000 men and women were transported as convicts to New South Wales, Tasmania, Victoria and Western Australia between 1787 and 1868, and of this total 3,600 (including 120 women) were, according to Rudé, 'protesters', almost as broad a term as 'protestants'. They included, in his scheme of classification, not only Scots Jacobins, Irish Fenians, English Chartists and members of many other protest movements – including the Tolpuddle Martyrs and a group of Canadian rebels, French and English-speaking – but arsonists, poachers and cattle-maimers.

The law knows no distinction between 'protest crime' and 'crime in general', and there have always been extremist social philosophers, of course, who have maintained either that all crime is protest or that all protest is crime. Rudé's categories, therefore, may not satisfy all his readers. He has no difficulty in identifying the major protest movements, beginning with groups like the Irish rebels of 1798, but he has to make judgments about which arsonists, poachers and cattle-maimers to list. How many deserve 'approval' (a difficult historical test)? There were, after all, arsonists who were more interested in insurance than in vendetta, personal or public, and poachers who were in profitable business as gamekeepers or butchers. Moreover, one in seven women convicts admitted to Tasmania revealed that they had committed their offences in order to be sent to Australia either to better their condition or to join a parent, son, daughter, brother, sister or lover who had gone out before them. Rudé defines protest as a collective act, even though it may not always be carried out in the company of others. Yet he notes the problems which the definition carries, not all of them at the margin, and accepts I. L. Robson's conclusion about convicts as a whole that while they included both 'village Hampdens' and 'ne'er-do-wells', the scale must tip towards the 'ne'er-do-wells'.

It is when Rudé passes from the 'system' (much written about recently) to its operation, and from 'protest convicts' as a whole to detailed case histories of particular people or groups, that his book really springs to life: he traces the 'cases' through in sequence from protest to conviction, from conviction to transportation, and after transportation sometimes to further conviction and punishment, sometimes to remarkable respectability and material success. There were certainly heroes as well as victims among the protesters. The American Daniel Heustis, one of the Canadian rebels, proudly proclaimed that 'we had faced the enemy as did the heroes of Bunker Hill', while George Loveless, the freed Tolpuddle Martyr, wrote in a Chartist pamphlet after he had been permitted to return to England, 'I believe that nothing will ever be done to relieve the distress of the working classes unless they take it into their own hands; with these views I left England, and with these views I am returned.' Loveless subsequently left for Canada and lived into his late seventies. His Ontario tombstone bears no reference to his political career, but the Australian tombstone of one of the Scots Jacobins, Joseph Gerrald, who died soon after arrival, states directly: 'He died a martyr to the liberties of his country in the 36th year of his age.' In this manner tangles of tradition entered Australian history.

There were great varieties of circumstance, however, in the careers of the protesters. A Hampshire ploughman could live to the age of 95, produce eight children and acquire a large property. Yet over the years at least a dozen protesters were hanged at Sydney, Launceston and Hobart for committing violent crimes, like robbery or murder, with no political overtones, after their arrival. The temptation to use labels like 'deserving' and 'undeserving' is almost irresistible, as Governor Arthur did in Tasmania. The machine-breakers seem to have been the most deserving, and the Bristol rioters the least. The Bristol men averaged just under ten offences per head after their arrival, but they were young. When Western Australia acquired a penal settlement, boredom rather than brutality was the main problem, yet the many arsonists sent there do not seem to have been tempted to light many more fires. Comparisons remain difficult, for whatever else it was, Australia was not a social laboratory designed to test theories of crime and punishment. What it could test was humanity, and Arthur was rebuked by Peel for pleading the case of 'deserving' weavers and shoemakers convicted at York in 1820: it was 'somewhat extraordinary', Peel suggested, 'for the Governor of a Colony to press upon the consideration of the Government at home the claims of persons transported for High Treason'.

It is difficult to see how much further this kind of research can go. Yet Rudé's human reckoning, set with skill within the context of economic, social and political change, is related to major themes in Australian, British and, for that matter, Canadian historiography. You could once see large numbers of people in Adelaide looking for archives relating to their free ancestors, while officials in Hobart were trying to prevent free historians from looking at documents relating to anybody's ancestors. We are less sure now about our predilections, although it was as long ago as 1922 that G. A. Wood rigged the tantalising rhetorical question: 'Is it not clearly a fact that the atrocious criminals remained in England, while their victims, innocent and manly, founded the Australian democracy?'


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## Jeremy Treglown

# Ow

**Teen Angel** by SONIA PILCER *Weidenfeld* £4.95
**It's Cold Next Door** by PETER DE POLNAY *W. H. Allen* £4.95
**War and Remembrance** by HERMAN WOUK *Collins* £8.50

Sonia Pilcer's first novel starts like Erica Jong, robustly joke-laden and taboo-smashing, and ends like Louisa May Alcott with the newly menstruating 14-year-old's sudden consciousness of being a woman and caring about her friends. In between the scatology and the schmaltz, though, it's a funny, vivid, unsentimental but not untender story: a female New Yorker's *Billy Liar*.

It's the exact placing of Sonny's part-childish, part-adult world that's well done. She is full of kid's imaginings and kid's credulity – she thinks the oil puddles on the street might have been done by a dog that accidentally ate a box of crayons; and her sexual ignorance is hedged in by comic superstitions instilled by her teetotal Jewish middle-class parents. The collective inexperience of her gang, the Teen Angels, and their boy friends is mutually reinforcing, of course – nobody admits how little is known, and everyone adopts postures of hilariously blasé sophistication: Sonny's boy friend Ruben, for example, desperately trying to get her to jerk him off at school, says, 'Sonny, I really dig you. It's not just for the sex. I could get that anywhere.'

In all this, the experiences she manages aren't belittled. Pilcer isn't afraid of her character's pulp-comic romanticism, and sets it vulnerably in the Manhattan minefield. The

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novel simply tells you what it's like to be Sonny walking down the street – men make sucking noises at her from doorways, or cruise alongside muttering, 'I'm going to do it to you'. There are problems, not only at the beginning and end. Sonny is too clever for the book's good, perhaps; Ruben too nice underneath. But the balance between cynicism and wishful-thinking is on the whole well sustained. Pilcer could easily have got by with a funny blackhead-squeezing, bust-exercising kind of narrative, but by depicting the wholeness of Sonny's feelings she has made her story better than picaresque.

If Sonia Pilcer is women's answer to Martin Amis, Peter de Polnay is men's to Barbara Pym, though he yields plenty to her on every kind of front you can think of, except perhaps sex. His latest is a mildly gothic story that he seems to have made up as he went along. Osbert, a fussy Catholic old man of 38, inherits a country estate. The manager is afraid he will be replaced so gets his wife Linda to seduce Osbert, whose unremitting silent randiness in the early stages is funnily done. He at first plays her off against his former mistress, who later gives in gracefully. Then someone turns up, a drunken old Oxford chum, whom Osbert gives a job on the estate. Will he make a mess of it? Will he get off with Linda? No he doesn't. In the middle of all this, Osbert's secretary is inconsequentially revealed as having an exotic sex-life. Then Osbert meets someone from Linda's past, who hasn't anything to reveal that affects things much in the end. Then it turns out that Linda isn't married to the manager after all, she was just living with him. So everything's OK.

Have I missed anything? Well, I haven't mentioned the title, which refers to a chance remark that haunts Osbert, who is given to vague metaphysical forebodings. And there's Linda's loyalty to the solitary, devout woman who left the estate to him – she goes on about this a lot. It all might seem more significant if it were better written: e.g. if the characters didn't all talk like novelists, or if De Polnay didn't have peculiar moments of narrative abdication: 'Call it an electric current or give it any other name, yet he knew that she felt the same'. (What we call it is up to him, surely – I mean, isn't he meant to be a novelist or somebody?) The clichés are enhanced, admittedly, by bad punctuation ('Where do I stand I who lost everything because of you?') but you tire of this kind of amusement quite soon.

*War and Remembrance*, as its title proudly suggests, is as long as Tolstoy *and* Proust laid end to end. The first question with a novel of 1,042 pages is not so much Will I ever finish it? important though that is, as Why should I ever start it? Here's this brute of a book, the size and weight of a car battery. It's too heavy to take to bed, too thick to fit in a briefcase, too boring-looking to put on a coffee-table. You can, of course, just sit there with it on your knees – the lower legs become slightly paralysed after about ten minutes, but until then it's not too uncomfortable – even so it's rather a discouraging business. Reading ought to mean turning pages, I always think – not necessarily the faster the better, but you want to feel that the right-hand clutch is getting lighter and the left-hand clutch, all that stuff you've actually read, satisfyingly heavier. The typeface of this is about as fat, frivolous and quick to read as the Compact *OED*'s.

The best approach may be some kind of mental equivalent of jogging. Here goes, then, from the starting line.

> A liberty boat full of sleepy hungover sailors came clanging alongside the USS *Northampton*, and a stocky captain in dress whites jumped out to the accommodation ladder. The heavy cruiser, its gray hull and long guns dusted pink by the rising *zzzzzzz* . . .

I'm sorry, 'by the rising sun',

> swung to a buoy in Pearl Harbour on the incoming tide. As the boat thrummed off toward the destroyer nests in West Loch, the captain trotted up the steep *zzzzzzz* . . .

What? Oh, sorry, I must have dropped off. I'll start again. I'll just, um, roll over and, *ow*, prop the book up against the, er, do you mind if blur do um *zzzzzzz* . . .

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**Helen McNeil**

# Women Who Did

**The New Woman and the Victorian Novel** by GAIL CUNNINGHAM *Macmillan* £8.95

When The Woman Question came to the notice of the Victorians, they expected to be able to provide The Woman Answer. The Infants' Custody Act of 1839, the Matrimonial Causes Act of 1857, and the Married Women's Property Act of 1882 made women's problems issues that could be dealt with. But when The Woman Question was answered in the 1870s and 1880s it was not answered by men. Thousands of women became 'new women', late Victorian 'revolting daughters' who, as the public saw it, wore sensible clothes while bicycling to Girton or Cheltenham, and then spent days as female clerks (almost 18,000 in the 1890 census) or aspiring novelists (at least 18,000) when they were not engaged in terrifyingly frank discussions of sex.

Gail Cunningham's short book is full of fascinating information about what was evidently an obsessive and not fully controlled theme for major novelists like Hardy (who got rich on *The Woman Who Did*), Mona Caird, Olive Schreiner, Iota, Sarah Grand and George Egerton. As the book gives only the sketchiest survey of Victorian social and economic emancipation, the fictional 'new woman' is left without a social base, and the rich harvest of melodrama tends to be discussed as if its plots were meant to have a documentary credibility.

The creation of the 'new woman' was one of the greatest triumphs of the Victorian work ethic, as middle-class young women rejected the aristocratic leisure their fathers had bought for them, and tried to replace accomplishments, like playing the piano, but not too well, and speaking French ditto, with more solid skills that would be of service to humanity. Dr Cunningham compiles an awesomely repetitious list of female attempts to be useful.

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Keith Waterhouse

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CALIFORNIA

cile such apparently laudable aspirations with the multiple contradictions of marriage. As a result, says Dr Cunningham in a fine use of Victorian taxonomy, the 'pure' new woman, whose purity comes from knowledge, became after a few years of marriage a 'neurotic' woman because of the conflict between her aspirations and her role. The more daring rebels passed beyond repression into adultery, becoming 'fallen' women, or 'Women Who Did'. If the Florence Nightingale type had curiously few literary reverberations, it was because novelists went for the thematic centre: women were expected to marry and this was the most significant decision of their lives – just as it is for many male characters in Meredith and Hardy.

The Victorian ideal of marriage as a heaven on earth of pure feeling and its sordid contractual reality both conflicted with the implicit, but strongly resisted 'new woman' recognition that love alone cannot fulfil a woman. 'I would that you were all to me . . . I would I could adopt your will,' says one of Browning's 'Two on the Campagna', but then 'the good minute goes', and the speaker is left a 'finite heart'. Marriage erases even such brief moments of passion because it confuses inner and outer selves. Jude and Arabella swore that until death 'they would assuredly believe, feel, and desire precisely as they had believed, felt, and desired during the few preceding weeks', and, Hardy says sardonically, 'nobody seemed at all surprised at what they swore'. As Dr Cunningham says, this is a Romantic conflict, and recognition of it, as in Shelley's notes to 'Queen Mab', can be deeply subversive. When love goes out the window, shouldn't the partner go as well? It may have been just as well for Victorian reformers that the connection between awakened intellect and free sexuality was not made clear until the Nineties.

Women's fiction, or the woman's view *per se*, is not part of Dr Cunningham's subject. Mrs Humphrey Ward, Vernon Lee (Violet Paget) and John Oliver Hobbes (Pearl Craigie) are not mentioned, and Eliza Lynn Linton figures only for her essay series 'The Girl of the Period'. Victorian women's lives and works, however, form another, less simple composite 'new woman'. Mrs Linton, a liberated and successful cultural *doyenne*, used her position to attack a superficial imitation of the new woman, but then let her 'thing of paints and pads . . . perverted out of the natural way altogether' be read as an attack on women very like herself. When Mrs Ward's best-selling *Robert Elsmere* dealt with its hero's loss of religious faith so convincingly that Gladstone felt compelled to answer its attack on revealed religion, this was a triumph for one kind of woman novelist, serious and erudite, on the model of George Eliot. Mrs Ward's message is that men (the hero) and women (the author) face the same spiritual and philosphical decisions. Mrs Linton conveyed the same message when she wrote up her life as *The Autobiography of Christopher Kirkland*, leaving some names the same but changing Mr Linton into 'Esther'.

In formal terms the 'new woman' novel was old-fashioned, one of the more important late-Victorian literary fads. In 1894, the most popular book in London was *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and 1895 saw the appearance of *The Importance of Being Earnest* as well as *The Woman Who Did* and *Jude the Obscure*. John Oliver Hobbes and George Egerton were published in *The Yellow Book* (and Egerton is a wonderful discovery of Dr Cunningham's), but the problem or issue novel ran, if anything, counter to literary experiment.

In a society which used the novel to mediate its most serious issues, subject matter was central. This centrality finally proved the undoing of the 'new woman' novel. Dr Cunningham wonders why the 'new woman' theme disappeared abruptly after 1895 in a 'period of terror' that one contemporary reviewer likened to New England witch mania. For one thing, the social advances documented in 'new woman' fiction were largely completed, and the daring novels confirmed, rather than altered, social practice. But 'advanced' literature had suddenly lost its claim to be serving society. To the public, the trial of Oscar Wilde in 1895 had irrevocably linked experiment and the subject of sex in literature with a life of scandalous degeneracy. Literary sex, however high-minded or badly written, was again forbidden, and the modern was still-born.

**Zahir Jamal**

# Capone, Carew

**The Dictionary of Biographical Quotation of British and American Subjects** edited by Justin Wintle and Richard Kenin *Routledge* £10.50

What they may have here, the editors hopefully announce, is 'a repository of linguistic use'. They mean, it dawns on you, that their volume was devised for use by language-users. That some 800 pages of quotations might, without due warning, be interpreted as a service to language-spurners may not have impressed itself on common notice; but it's the sort of reflection to which Messrs Wintle and Kenin appear unusually susceptible. 'Millions of observations', they point out, 'have been made about millions of people.' This intelligence explains why they instructed their research team of 17 to comb only the millions of remarks that have been made about deceased notables in Anglo-American civilisation. Even so, the dawdlers, it seems, were 'more than a year' at the job.

Sticking to these limits, the editors note regretfully, entailed giving the elbow to Christ and Napoleon. But having fastened certain doors, they promptly flung open all windows. 'There was the question of what kind of quotation should find its way into the Dictionary, and our answer was: every kind.' The influx of data ensuing from such wide-mindedness must have swarmed around the editorial head quite painfully in quest of some structure to alight on; for Wintle and Kenin wish it to be known that they disdain life-cramping method and system. 'There has never been a shortage of invented means', they explain, smiling pityingly over humankind's efforts at rigour, 'for dealing systematically with human character.' The note of scorn was presumably struck to intimate life-enhancing outbreaks of serendipity ahead; but, a mere paragraph later, this attitude has collapsed into soapy assurances that a reference work of 'practical value' compiled

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'according to historical principles' now awaits. Lifted artlessly from the *OED* for *cachet*, this high phrase denotes in these parts the science of ransacking the *Dictionary of National Biography* and its American equivalent for clues about who was who when.

What the editors have really got here is a cut-price folly erected hastily and in thick mist. You're apt to reflect that much in this production could have been jettisoned, much else brought in, yet the mad, unserviceable sprawl would still have remained impenitently unsound. For all Wintle and Kenin's sub-Johnsonian play on the word, the only thing remotely dictionary-like about their book (and how could it have been otherwise?) is its alphabetical order. CANUTE, CAPONE, CAREW, the demented chant goes up under C. PITT, POCAHANTAS, POE, comes the distant riposte from the loony Ps. Any admissions policy for this assembly would be arbitrary but, under the leaden influence of the *DNB* and like sources, the editors have striven for respectability by trying to house all the conventional greats. To atone for this piety, presumably, the remaining space appears to have been filled through blind caprice. Still, if that bland versifier Henry Howard proved eligible, why didn't his more innovative companion, Thomas Wyatt? Auden had to be let in but could MacNeice not have made it too? If Bennett Cerf rated inclusion at all, so much more might have Victor Gollancz. Inordinately hospitable towards titled Augustan duffs, the editors should have at least made room for the altogether tougher-minded Bernard de Mandeville. The volume's resplendent troupe of celebrities from the American Indian nations may compensate for its sycophantic attachment to colourless Hollywood idols; but no quantity of faded belletrists could balance out the superfluous weight of Victorian eminence installed in its columns. The point is that, since the editors' 'principles' are made of rubber, any grouser can tweak them about to show what might have been done; but it wouldn't alter the flimsiness of a 'dictionary' of random opinion.

Nor does the editors' promise of a blend of 'fun and thoughtfulness' amount to very much; and here it's the quotes themselves that do the damage. Apart from a sprinkling of genuinely comic accounts like De Quincey on Wordsworth's legs or Ronald Clark on Wittgenstein's temper, the bulk of the 'fun' comes from sources rendered tame by familiarity. Particularly hard worked, expectably, are the gossips, Evelyn, Wood and Aubrey (but his finest throw-away remark – about himself – stays unpicked, in his life of Venetia Digby); the wits, Wilde, Shaw and Twain; and chatty notables like Byron and Disraeli. The thoughtfulness enters by way of gaseous Victorian moralisms, orotund Augustan *sententiae* and the mandarin waffle of innumerable clerics and statesmen up and down the ages. As if these solemnities weren't sufficiently vertebrae-cracking, the book also requires you to bear up under parcels of academic prose from the commentaries of historical and literary heavyweights. Quotable quotes remain dismayingly thin on the ground. Deems Taylor's 'Sousa was no Beethoven. Nonetheless, he was Sousa' fairly represents the standard of play. If you didn't have Sir Stafford Cripps's image tightly fixed in mind, you'd have problems focusing on him here: 'Our white Ghandi', claims one fan, 'the modern Savonarola', hails another, 'The perfect Octavius', disagrees a third. On the other hand, since everyone knows old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster, the editors have shrewdly ensured that they aren't caught out on off-centre tributes: 'Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster', their single crafty entry runs. Equally safe because equally blank is the kind of all-purpose one-liner favoured by the congenitally unaphoristic: 'That one unfailing actor' (the subject is Edward G. Robinson), 'that great spunky unflincher' (no, Sterne), 'That pair of sparkling guys' (Gilbert and Sullivan).

The best that can be said for the brief quotes is that they aren't long. It can't be said of the testimonies of the professional critics. Having imported them to bring a touch of order to things, Wintle and Kenin then proceed to jumble their estimates into a jaded impressionist's view of eternal talk. In this scrambled colloquy, any expert can take a crack at Marvell except the two figures who initiated and renewed the change of judgment which brought him to prominence: Tennyson and T. S. Eliot. Eliot is allowed his say on Donne but since the critic he's chiefly taking issue with – Sam Johnson – isn't, the lecture's finer points disappear into the ether. Edmund Wilson, you'd have thought, was a sensible authority to consult on Dickens since his 'The Two Scrooges' is generally reckoned to have had some influence on that writer's standing today. The essay happens to be not only seminal but well-written, which probably explains the absence of any part of it here.


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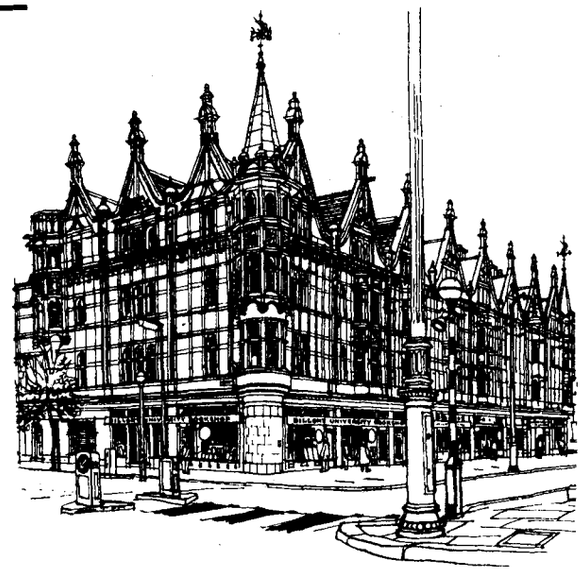

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# ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

**Peter Porter**

## New Waves

Everything seems to be happening at once to the BBC. The ITV football coup came just a week before the confusion of the radio wavelength changes. The BBC's running money crisis is more important than the complex mess of kiloherz and metre alterations, but both reflect a deterioration in the Corporation's position. To report this (or perhaps to allege it) is not to rejoice in it. It is merely to sight an unwelcome development in British life generally. The 'Think Tank' recommendations to the government to cut our national gestures down to size and to concentrate on commerce may have been ignored, at least so far as overseas broadcasting goes, yet the tendency for well-heeled advisers to talk 'realism' to us all is bound to grow in the next few years. Why should we give up what we do well – disseminating information at one of the lowest unit costs anywhere in the world – in favour of what we seem to do badly – practising the hard sell?

It seems that the BBC really was let down by the Home Office, or at least made to pay the price of the British Government's diplomatic reasonableness, and surrender Radio 3's medium wave band to Radio Albania. Tirana has a powerful Chinese-built transmitter which would be hard to fight, but the right place to have tried to do so was round the negotiating table. It is perhaps some consolation to know that interference from Radio Albania is far worse on the Continent. In international terms the trouble is the number of pushing authorities which want to show their broadcasting muscle to the world. A radio network comes second to an airline in the priorities of newly self-conscious nations. What seems to me more serious is the possibility of the BBC's suffering from a form of cardiac insufficiency: sheer starvation of funds causing a decline in service and a general timidity of programme-making. Governments – even Labour governments – like the way commercial broadcasting is self-funding. I think we should all jump up and down, in the manner of the Lake poets in Peacock's *Melincourt*, and cry 'The BBC is in danger! The BBC is in danger!' More money might flow in.

Meanwhile, I suggest to all regular radio listeners that they be patient from Thursday onwards and try to find their favourite programmes on their radio dials without kicking the set on to the floor. The New Wavelengths publicity unit at Broadcasting House has flooded the land with information, including maps, radio dial mock-ups and copious handouts to help us follow the alterations. In fact, they have almost resorted to overkill. Just as I fancy that I have mastered the new wavelengths, a new document arrives and confuses me all over again. I could not possibly give here even a short account of the facts, but advise anyone who has trouble to ring the BBC and ask for New Wavelengths. The chief difficulties are most likely to be felt by people whose transistors have no long-wave capacity (thereby robbing them of Radio 4 at all times); who find that Radio 3's new medium wavelength is hard to get or fades in the evening; who have nasty interfering electrical equipment nearby to upset their VHF reception; who like to listen in their cars and accordingly suffer acute Radio 3 and 4 loss and tuning vagaries with Radios 1 and 2.

The BBC claims that the international agreement has enabled it to improve some services, and this is bound to be true of Radio 1, which in my experience used to fade out the moment you entered Cornwall. All VHF frequencies remain unchanged and Radio 4 is to be fully national for the first time. In the end, we have a duty to our own seriousness, and, if after due trial, we find that our archiac sets can't pick things up for us, then we should buy new ones which can. The BBC is aware (though it doesn't like to admit it) that many people listen on poor equipment (radio reviewers sometimes), and it expects these to complain most loudly. It will be the 'Third Programme' and 'Broadcasting in the Seventies' crises all over again – most of the complainants will turn out to be idle listeners. A transistor which can receive all three wavelengths – medium, long and VHF – should look after everything, and there is always guidance available from the Corporation itself. From 23 November then – good listening!

It's been a busy time for poets, if not for poetry, on the air, largely due to the Dylan Thomas anniversary. Andrew Marvell and Wallace Stevens, although overshadowed by Thomas, came over strongly. Of the Thomasiana, including TV's remarkable impersonation by Ronald Lacey, I enjoyed most Hallam Tennyson's two excellent programmes, *The Singer in His Chains*, a collage of the voices of those who had known Thomas well, and *A Claim to Greatness*, where poets and critics told Tennyson and Christopher Ricks what value they placed on his poetry, and tried to fit it in to the legend. Star of the first programme was Thomas's widow, Caitlin. Her own book and her many subsequent interviews have decked her out in the full robes of villainy, but she sounded quite otherwise this time. She had no trouble convincing me that Thomas saw her exactly as she saw herself. 'I thought I was the great beauty and creative artist, I didn't think of him,' she said. And 'if he hadn't had the writing, he wouldn't have had a hope in hell with me'. But she added, 'I was very young and drinking, and didn't take much in.' The real villain was booze, and its lairs were the dark halls of Soho. The effect of Thomas's Portland Place voice in the middle of the terrible reminiscences was quite chilling.

Christopher Whelen's *To the Office and Back* (Radio 3) was a day in the life of Wallace Stevens, a Vice-President of the Hartford Indemnity Company as well as the finest American poet of the century. It was in many ways a brilliant account of ideas of order imposed by a superfine intelligence upon everyday reality and the abundant chaos of the imagination. Whelen took phrases and tags from Stevens's poetry and wove them into a nest for Stevens's mind. Stevens, recognising that 'the mind is smaller than the eye', is shown exercising it by composing poems on the way to the office, to be duly typed out by his perfect secretary. He imagines what an extraordinary experience it must be to see the Lake of Lugano, and he affirms that the greatest poverty is not to live in the physical world. His life is a 'Sitting on the Throne at Noon' and a 'Pageant in the Evening', but he cannot comprehend that the Club Secretary would like him to resign because his strangeness gets on the nerves of the other members.

Whelen could perhaps have done with more space to develop his richly endowed portrait, but his achievement in putting the poet-businessman down in his own backyard was remarkable. The only disappointment was the restraint he exercised on his own musical gifts. He respected the words so much, he fitted them out with little more than the odd brass chord. It was the best programme about a poet I have heard for a long time. I haven't forgotten the *Reith Lectures*. I am storing up my prickly feelings for my next piece.

# Television

**Ian Hamilton**

## Pink 'Uns

Apparently, the only Football League club which didn't say 'Yes, *please*' to ITV's five million was Coventry City, whose Managing Director just happens to be Jimmy Hill, presenter of the BBC's *Match of the Day*. A shade embarrassing for Hill? Well actually, no: indeed, one of the telly-week's most loweringly comic moments was when Jimmy arrived at Heathrow (from – was it? – Arabia) to denounce Grade and his buddies for foul play. Naturally, he would need to see a slow motion re-run of the whole contract before risking any expert analysis, but in the meantime he felt he could hazard praise for the 'integrity' of the one team which had stood out against the coup. He spoke as if he had vaguely heard the name 'Coventry' before but that henceforth he surely would remember it. For integrity.

Comic, to be sure, but it was also a moment for wondering how much we will really miss those Saturday nights with Jimmy Hill. For myself I've always found him irritatingly sanctimonious – his notion of the 'game' having little to do with any possible way in which it might be played. Hill is actually an insider – he would almost certainly not have been surprised by the transcript of Tommy Docherty's collapsed libel action – but glibly expresses shock and despondency when a shirt gets pulled, a forward takes a dive, a hard man puts the boot in, and so on. Again, it's as if he is witnessing these malpractices for the first time. I would think it unlikely that he talks privately about football in anything like the same way that he discusses it in public.

Depressingly, this could be why Hill is generally regarded as the most authoritative single presence in TV soccer: his highminded-

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ness gives the fans something to jeer at; he is the magistrate, the beak – his verdicts may be dogmatic or naïve, but people want to hear them – if only for an excuse to throw beer cans at the screen. Brian Moore, Hill's ITV rival and former underling, is an entirely different figure. Moore is the chummy co-fan, the jovial, uninsistent sharer of our thrills. When he tries to project a Hill-like *gravitas* on some issue of gamesmanship, crowd violence or the like, it never quite sits comfortably; Moore can't wait to get back to the readers' letters the competitions, the rattles and the scarves. *The Big Match* is a Sunday afternoon magazine show, with little or no competition on the other channel. It can be put together in a relatively relaxed way, feeding off the morning's press headlines, setting up studio interviews and so on. *Match of the Day*'s schedule – and its competition – is of a different order: it has a stronger news slant, to be sure, in the sense that many viewers will not have bought their pink 'uns, but it has little scope for following up that broken (?) leg, that controversial sending-off, etc. It should not be idly assumed that Moore's attractive show can be transferred intact to Saturdays, nor that the BBC's supposedly superior professionalism is just supposed. I quite like the way things work at the moment, I'm afraid.

An aptly sour view of what really happens in the boardrooms of big football clubs was provided by the first episode of a new Granada series, *Fallen Hero*. The football in question chances to be rugby league but the wily chairman's attempt to offload an injured star for a fat transfer fee will, I'm sure, have rung bells in soccer circles. The star knows that he will never play more than a few crocked, unsatisfactory games for his new club, but he is after his percentage. His home life is a mess (a pouting stepson has one ear glued to his bedroom door) and he lacks 'outside interests' – no sports shop, no boutique – so it seems to him all right to take a few millionaire directors for a ride. Alack, though, when it comes to it, he rather likes the new lot, as human beings, and is more than rather liked himself by his new chairman's haughty daughter. He is grappling on a sofa with both conscience and the girl when daddy learns from 'The Express' that his new signing is a dud. Exit fallen hero, under huge cloud, to face new life, old semi, and so on. A strong start, and I'm sorry that deadlines prohibit a report on episode two – the obvious fear is that it will from now on be tediously downhill all the way, but maybe not.

*World In Action* (Granada) mounted an hour-long special on their 'pursuit' of the Auschwitz geneticist Josef Mengele, and every ten minutes or so boasted that this or that conversation – with ex-Nazis now holed up in Paraguay – had been achieved by clandestine methods. But only about two-thirds of the way through did we discover that for all the dossiers on Mengele's wartime atrocities, and on his subsequent flights from both Israeli and West German agents, *World In Action* had in fact not succeeded where these other sleuths had failed. Certainly, it was pretty well established that Mengele is being protected by Alfredo Stroessner, the part-German president of Paraguay, and we also know that the producer of the programme was lucky to get out of the whole investigation in one piece, but might there not have been a case for waiting a bit longer, just in case. Or was the programme's bathos its whole point?

# Sport

**Russell Davies**

# Panel Game

I am afraid I am not at liberty to disclose how the following transcript came into our hands. Rumours that it was found tucked between the ribs of a skeleton at the bottom of a Cornish tin-mine are neither confirmed nor denied by this office. Scholars, archivists and representatives of Messrs Sotheby, Parke, Bernet, however, may care to note that the Document is extensively stained with an emulsion of whisky, saliva, Happy Foam, lipstick and Fernet-Branca.

*LWT Sports Department*
Transmission Time: Saturday, September 14 1979
*N.B. Strictly private – This script is for gloating purposes only*
Presenter: Brian Moore
Expert Panel: Tommy Docherty Alan Ball Don Revie Janet Street-Porter
Match Commentator: Huge Johns
Fashion Notes: Judith Chalmers
Tea-person: Bruce Forsyth
Clapper-board operator: Jimmy Hill
Elastoplast-boy to clapper-board operator: David Coleman

*Roll intro, credits and sig-tune* ('Matchmaker, Matchmaker' by Tony Monopoly)

*Moore:* Hallo there, and a big welcome to THE UNIQUE MATCH! The One and ONLY, EXCLUSIVE place and time where you at home can see, thanks to the miracle of money, what went on at one of our foremost Football League Grounds *this very afternoon*. Yes, SAME-DAY LEAGUE ACTION, that's the package we're offering you here at London Weekend tonight. And tonight's UNIQUE MATCH is

(fanfare – *tarrah* – and caption)

Yes, BRISTOL CITY versus MIDDLESBROUGH! The top middle-of-the-table clash of the week, PLUS the results of many of our regular competitions, this week including:

(Tan-tarrah!)
*The Andrews Liver Salts Move of the Day!*
(Tan-tan-tarrah!)
*The Max Factor Cuticle Cream Gesture of the Week!*
(Tan-tarrah-tarrah!)
For referees only, *The Optrex Oversight of the Day!*
(Tan-tan-tarrah-tarrah!)
*The Raleigh Bicycles Overhead Kick of the Month!*
(Tarrah-tarrah-CRASH!)
For keepers only, *The Cooperative Wholesale Society Christmas Club Save of the Month!*
(Tarrah-CRASH-CRASH!)
*The British Army of the Rhine Shot of the Season!*
*plus* A New Star Attraction
(CRASH, tinkle, tinkle)
*The Sunday Times Own Goal of the Century!*

*Moore:* Well there's plenty to be getting on with, so let's go straight across to our panel of experts. Panel?

*Docherty:* Well it's awnly my opinion, Brian, ye knaw, which might not stand up in a court of law, but I think it looks a great shaw.

*Ball:* i agree wi' tommi, i think we 'ave a great show in prospect 'ere, they're all professionals, in fact i'm gettin' quite excited about peep peep peep *(inaudible)*

*Revie:* Frankly, Brian, as long as it keeps my family in the Manna to which they have bekkoom akkoostomed, I would be in favour of it. It's the sort of show that might well bring the game into repute.

*Moore:* Janet?

*S.-Port.:* Oh *Gawd*, hoi wish you an'arsed me larst, hoi was aw set to make a sexy joke about Chelsea Bums, but now I've fergotni'.

*Moore:* Well it looks as though, ah-ha, nothing's going to stop us enjoying ourselves here, so why don't you stay with us here for ALL the action – remember, it's all there is, there ain't no Moore, as my old Mum used to say. We'll be back: don't go away, there's MOORE games to play! (*Giggling in background*)

COMMERCIAL BREAK

*Moore:* Welcome back. I enjoyed that break. Panel?

*Docherty:* Bally's the one should answer that one, he's the one who nipped out for a pee . . .

*Ball:* (angrily) peep peep peep

*S-Port.:* Hoi've remembered it, oi've remembered it!

*Revie:* Personally, I felt due for a break and . . .

*Moore:* Actually Don, before you say anything, I've got a little surprise for you – no, no, don't get up, it's OK – you see, the thing is, it's


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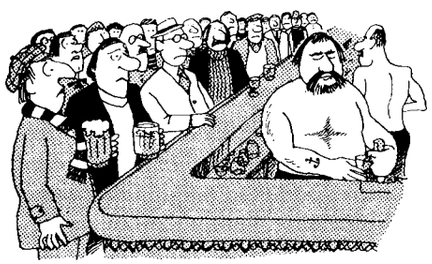

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not just the viewers and myself who have been fascinated by the sight of you sitting there smoking that hubble-bubble, it's evidently attracted the attention of big-name companies as well, which is why I've been asked to present you today with this Platinum Pipe-Cleaner as Abdullah Cigarettes Hookah of the Month. OK, how's that?
*Revie:* If Allah wills, Brian – sorry, shouldn't have said Wills, er – no comment.
*Moore:* Well, we'll leave it there, but we'll be back, with a sackful of action, in just a (*giggle*) moment.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

*Moore:* Hallo, welcome back. Before we join the action with Huge Johns, we'd like to show you a hilarious snippet of film – well, we think it's hilarious – from the interview Huge recorded with Alan Dicks after the game. The interview itself you'll be seeing later, but here's what happened when we started to shoot it:
*Bearded, chinny voice of clapper-board operator:* UNIQUE MATCH post-game interview, take one. (CLAP!) YOW! My (bzzzzz) itty fingah! *Aaah!*
*Moore:* (*amid general merriment*) Well, we thought you'd like to see that, we love it here.
*S-Port.:* Oi think iss *awful*, yore jussa lo"a *Saydiss*! (*falls about larfin*)
*Moore:* Well, be that as it may, it's time now we went over to Bristol to join this week's UNIQUE MATCH, where your commentator is Huge Johns – Huge?
*Johns:* Well, Alan Dicks, a goalless draw – I think you'll agree that in the end, that wasn't much of a game.
*Dicks:* Yes, I'm afraid you picked a dud this week, Huge, we were rubbish and so were they . . .
*Voice offscreen:* Mind my FINGER! (*Fade.*)
*Moore:* Well, awfully sorry, we seem to have some technical trouble there . . . the wrong bit of, ah, film, ah, Alan, any thoughts on the game so far?
*Ball:* *Wheeeeeeeeeeeeee . . .*

# Music

**Andrew Clements**

# Petites Phrases

**Kagel** *Queen Elizabeth Hall*
**Henze** *Queen Elizabeth Hall*

Perhaps because in Britain we like contemporary composers to fit neatly into well-defined categories, we still view Mauricio Kagel with great suspicion. On the Continent he is regarded as one of the most important and individual figures in new music, but to us he seems shadowy and insubstantial, a composer hovering uneasily on the fringes of the established avant garde, sharing its pedigree while at the same time questioning its most cherished values. Much of his work falls into the broad category of 'music theatre', but a music theatre far removed from the relatively cosy dramatic *scenas* that often pass for the genre here. At times it has seemed to owe more to theatre than to music, yet its preoccupations are always with the fundamentals of our musical culture and the debunking of its rituals and sacred cows. Chances to see, hear and evaluate Kagel's work in London have been few and far between – the last programme was four years ago. Last week's London Sinfonietta concert conducted by the composer was thus an important event, but somewhere along the way the opportunity to present a comprehensive portrait of the man was lost; those who knew nothing of his work beforehand can have been little the wiser afterwards.

What we heard were superbly accomplished performances of two of Kagel's most substantial pieces, *Ludwig van* and *1898*, each a rather superior *pièce d'occasion*, the first written for the Beethoven centenary in 1970, the second for the 75th anniversary of the Deutsche Grammophon record company in 1973. In each case the purely musical result – all that we heard in the Elizabeth Hall – is considerably less than the whole of the original concept. In a talk before the concert, Kagel revealed that his first composition had been an attempt to reconstruct the Violin Sonata that Proust so lovingly describes in *A la Recherche*; although many years later he discovered that the model for Proust's sonata was by Fauré, the act of translating the prose into musical notation was at least as important as the notes themselves and the accuracy of the transcription. So in *Ludwig van* the fragments of Beethoven that the instrumentalists are required to play are merely the aural equivalent of the 'Beethoven House' that Kagel created in 1970 in which walls, furniture and fittings were covered in printed fragments of Beethoven. In the concert version Kagel does impose some musical coherence on the collage by adopting the scheme of the *Diabelli* variations as well as focusing the *petites phrases* at certain points: one passage is devoted to the 'Liebewohl' motif from the *Les Adieux* Sonata, another is fixated on the opening of the *Moonlight* Sonata. But these are only oases of recognition; for the rest of the work the quotations are entirely integrated and superimposed. The result is slight.

*1898*, on the other hand, made a more substantial impression, perhaps because its starting point *was* an aural experience:

> In this work I have consciously tried to effect a musical x-ray of the end of the 19th Century and, at the same time, I have tried to reconstruct, compositionally, the typical sound world of those early unstable acoustic gramophone recordings.

The result is a serious, curiously haunting piece, full of inconsequential gestures, bare octave doublings and arbitrary orchestration, sometimes recalling John Cage's reorchestration of Satie, *Cheap Imitation*. The sound of violins doubled by trumpets, a device used in early acoustic recordings to boost the string line, dominates the work; each of the two movements is interrupted at one point by the taped sounds of schoolchildren – an attempt, says Kagel, 'to incorporate the spontaneous reaction of untrained voices into a strict context'. I don't pretend to have understood *1898* completely at first hearing, but it at least promises further revelations, quite apart from the extra-musical glosses of which we were deprived.

So much of Hans Werner Henze's recent music has been concerned with imparting an extra-musical message that it comes as a shock to discover that since the opera *We Come to the River*, first performed at Covent Garden two years ago, he has concentrated on abstract, instrumental compositions. The most important of these have been his Third, Fourth and Fifth String Quartets which together constitute a substantial achievement. The third seems intensely personal, much concerned with dense counterpoint and close thematic argument the Fourth is wilder, its core a set of elaborations of a Byrd pavane. The Fifth, 'In memoriam Benjamin Britten', offers more immediate rewards: six short movements that depict some dark night of the soul which finds a sort of resolution in a quite old-fashioned lyricism. I dislike much of Henze's music to the point of violence, but this quartet at least convinces me of a talent too often buried in self-indulgent effects.

# Opera

**Peter Conrad**

# Staying Alive

**The Thieving Magpie** *Coliseum*
**L'Africaine** *Covent Garden*

Rossini and Meyerbeer make a neat pair of yoke-devils. Heine contrasted them in 1837, calling Rossini the musician of the Restoration, luxuriously indolent, a hedonistic gourmand, and Meyerbeer the musician adapted to the stern partisanship of the Revolution or the authoritarianism of the Empire. Rossini's music, he argues, is self-servingly individual, while Meyerbeer's orchestrates the antagonisms of entire societies. Rossini's genius therefore is for melody, errant and wilful, Meyerbeer's for the harmonic movement of masses. Rossini's heroes are anti-social rogues, devoted to personal liberty: those accomplices in intrigue Figaro and Rosina, the insubordinate William Tell, the larcenous magpie. Meyerbeer's heroes are bureaucrats, experts at organisation: the leaders of contrary religious factions in *Les Huguenots*, Jan of Leyden in *Le Prophète* institutionalising a false faith, Vasco da Gama in *L'Africaine* planning argosies for national enrichment.

Stendhal thought *The Thieving Magpie* (enjoyably revived at the Coliseum) flaunted Rossini's social and emotional irresponsibility at its most outrageous. The anecdote is sordidly realistic – a servant girl is condemned to execution for a trifling theft of silver committed by an ungovernable, insolent household pet – but the music is indifferently vivacious. In its factitious, near-hysterical elation, Stendhal hears a nervous over-compensation. The high spirits of the otiose Rossini are an exercise by which he keeps himself awake and interested, and to which he sacrifices the victimised Ninetta. The drama in *The Thieving Magpie* solicits sympathy for the heroine, but the florid, nonchalant music diverts that sympathy towards the unscrupulous magpie. The bird's cheeky gift for mimicry allies it with Rossini, as does its disrespect for property: Rossini was a magpie who stole from himself if there was no one else to steal from, plundering overtures and arias from one opera for use in another. *The Thieving Magpie* is a musical

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incitement to that hedonism which, according to Heine, is Rossini's decadent creed. Pippo leads a drinking song to banish sorrow and care. The freedom the opera celebrates comprises the freedom to disobey (Fernando the soldier has been condemned for striking a superior officer but gets a royal pardon), the freedom to adjust the truth (Ninetta quick-wittedly misreads the warrant for his arrest to befuddle the Mayor), even, implicitly, the freedom to steal domestic silver. Giannetto the returning warrior enters singing roulades in praise of military courage and daring. But the only heroism here is vocal: the assurance with which John Brecknock negotiates Rossini's flourishes is the proof of his valour. Justice waits on appetite: the mayor persecutes Ninetta because she has rebuffed him sexually.

Whereas Rossini protects the vices of the average sensual man, licensing guile and liberating appetite, Meyerbeer haughtily translates private vices into public virtues. His epic heroes act selfishly on behalf of their faith (in *Le Prophète*) or their country (in *L'Africaine*). Their greed is impersonal. They have no private lives, which is why they are uninteresting as characters: all their emotions are political. Meyerbeer, called by Heine the musician of Napoleonic Empire, in *L'Africaine* expounds and defends imperialism. Vasco's lyrical meditation 'O paradis' is an ecstatic contemplation of imperial property. This new continent belongs to him, and therefore to his country. Sentenced to death by the Indians, he sobs in annoyance because his career of advancement will be prematurely halted. He can't die, he protests, before he makes himself immortal. When the inquisitor asks what personal profit he expects from his voyage, he replies casually, 'L'immortalité'. In prison he keeps a map by his bed, and dreams exclusively of glory and aggrandisement. Like Siegfried in *Götterdämmerung* deserting Brünnhilde to embark on the Rhine, or Enée in *Les Troyens* urged on to Carthage despite Didon, the epic requires him to censor emotion politically. He promises himself to Sélika if she will help him with the cartography, and trudges off with Inès because that is the only way to stay alive.

The women he mistreats are voluntary victims of an epic morality like his. Inès forfeits herself to Pédro to secure Vasco's release. Sélika, whose love for him betrays her own national interest, suffers from the epic malady of shame, and dies to punish herself for loving unpolitically. Even the poisonous manzanilla tree under which she dies is not a private retreat for a machine of mass-execution, where all the Portuguese captives have been sent to expire – an exotically fragrant gas-chamber. The possession of personal motives is derided as treason and weakness. Hence the inquisitor's sneering question about Vasco's self-interest. When Nélusko tries to kill Vasco, declaring, with the altruistic fanaticism of a Meyerbeer character, that he detests all Christians, Sélika, who knows he dotes on her, taunts him by asking, 'Pas d'autres motifs?' When Vasco overtakes Pédro's ship to warn him of danger ahead, Pédro discredits his zeal by suggesting that he is concerned only for Inès. Aghast at the imputation of a personal loyalty, Vasco draws his sword.

Covent Garden's new production of *L'Africaine* is appropriately grandiose. The scenery earns rounds of applause. The prow of a ship, rocking on furry car-wash rollers, opens shutters to disclose its hierarchical interior of decks and cabins – an ingenious stunt, but also an image for Meyerbeer's epic cross-section of society. The Inès of Margherita Rinaldi is stylish but downcast, anxious perhaps to keep out of the way of Grace Bumbry, who as Sélika slinks and sulks like one of those Hindu goddesses accustomed to sporting necklaces threaded with tumescent male members. Placido Domingo is Vasco. Being a star, he doesn't act, and he doesn't need to. He behaves with angry impetuosity and ardour, taking a smirking pride in his ownership of Sélika, waving his maps exultantly in the air, lunging like the matador he once was to catch the battered flowers with which he is bombarded during his curtain-call. His most appealing quality is a passionate helplessness. To express consternation, he rubs his forehead. Despair is a hand raked negligently through the hair. But he sings magnificently (even a note which almost cracked seemed evidence not of fatigue but of ferocious sincerity), and simply by being himself embodies the innocent, ambitious brutishness of Meyerbeer's hero.

## Theatre

**Benedict Nightingale**

# Anti-Clockwise

**Betrayal** *Lyttelton*

Seen superficially, which is precisely how most of its reviewers have seen it, Harold Pinter's *Betrayal* is a piece of shameless backsliding, a craven retreat to a theatrical period when your average dramatist was obsessed with adulterous husbands, 'other' women, and triangles which, if not exactly eternal, were certainly interminable. I mean, look at the plot. In 1968 Jerry, a literary agent, makes a pass at his best friend's wife, Emma. They begin an affair, and actually rent a flat for their afternoon assignations. In 1973 the publisher-husband, Robert, finds out about their liaison, which nevertheless takes another two years to burn out. In 1977 Emma, who has by now taken a novelist as lover, discovers that Robert has been canoodling with woman after woman for years; and their marriage comes to a not-unexpected end. Yawn, fidget, scratch, shrug: isn't a more original story to be found most nights at the local Odeon?

But wait a moment. Whether or not Pinter backslides, his new play positively backsomersaults. At any rate, it starts with its chronological ending and ends with the sexual serenading of its start. To an unsympathetic critic, this is at worst a cheesy gimmick, at best an error which must drain the proceedings of any tension the oaf Pinter might otherwise have injected into them. There is, however, a less damning way of interpreting his preference for the anti-clockwise. It substitutes the question 'how?' for the cruder 'what next?' in the minds of the audience. And in my view it deepens and darkens our perception of the play, infecting the most innocent encounters with irony, dread and a sense of doom.

To say, or imply, that a subject should be rejected because it was once hackneyed seems to be thoroughly defeatist. Clichés surely need to be reclaimed for reality; and by that test Pinter's play is scarcely contemptible. It is all there: the instinctive evasions, the slips hurriedly corrected, the hollow questions ('and how is Emma?') to which the answer is already well known, the faked offhandedness, the suspicion and paranoia that the habit of deception tends to provoke in the mind of the deceiver, the surreptitious *billets-doux*, the fear, the panic. As the title confirms, the subject is not mainly the sexual aspects of adultery. It is rather the mechanics of cheating, the politics of betrayal. And there is, of course, more to the play than that.

Its reviewers, not content with coming glass-eyed and woolly-eared to the theatre, have managed to sound inconsistent as well. To some, Pinter is naïvely obvious, and to others needlessly obscure. The truth is perhaps a bit subtler. He has charted the bald facts of the situation with more than his usual clarity, and then he has gone on to invite those of us with a talent for emotional map-reading to use our energies more creatively: we're to inspect and analyse the lightly-traced contours of his characters, and speculate about those motives, attitudes and feelings his cartography has left vague. Now, there are objections to this as a dramatic practice, a few of which I myself have put in the past. To shift the metaphore, Pinter has sometimes earned a reputation for profundity simply by taking us to the edge of the psychological well and pointing out its depth. He has allowed us to hear the echoes rumbling up from inside, and even smell the rising stench, but he has not often given us a direct, detailed look at the frogs, tin-cans, used contraceptives, water-beetles, and all the rest of the mess festering in the ooze at the bottom.

The general answer to this anxiety is, of

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course, that in life, too, other people are commonly three-quarters hidden. Most of us are doomed to spend our days in helpless emulation of Pinter's audiences, delving for certainties that prove elusive. The specific answer is that *Betrayal* does, in fact, offer plenty of hints, glimpses, dabs of colour from which a profile can be built up, a state of consciousness inferred. Consider the case of Robert. Why, having been badly shaken by his accidental discovery of Emma's five-year-old affair, does he not stop it, and why doesn't he tell Jerry he has rumbled him? How can the two men soon afterwards lunch together in a restaurant, as they have done regularly for years, almost as if nothing has happened?

This particular scene, let me say, is classic Pinter, crammed with that tension the play has been accused of lacking. It has not, however, quite the anger and violence that is erupting just beneath the skin of both *The Collection* and *The Homecoming*. Partly, this is because these are sophisticated meritocrats, whose hostilities are obliquely expressed even by Pinter's standards of obliquity. Partly, Robert represses his outrage because, as an experienced if unadmitted adulterer himself, he has no moral standing in the case, probably could not survive close cross-examination, and is dubiously in love with Emma. But mainly, I think, he keeps mum because he genuinely cares for the nervous, fussy, hypochondriac chum who is betraying him. The most powerful relationship in the play is not between man and woman, but between man and man. It would be glib to tack the word 'homosexual' on to those loaded, pregnant exchanges from which, as it happens, the game of squash emerges as a recurrent metaphor for a special, rather sweaty intimacy. Better to talk of male bonding: a rapport demanding the attention of the zoologist as much as the psychologist. If the play is about disloyalty and deception, it is also about loyalty and friendship.

This contradiction makes the chronological close, which is actually scene two, particularly fascinating. Everybody, you recall, has been withholding vital information from everybody else. Jerry doesn't know that Robert knows, still less that Emma knows Robert knows; and when the truth hits him he is, as you would expect, seriously rattled at the thought of having been quietly tolerated by the best friend he spent seven years slyly wronging. In fact, he weeps. As he sees it, he's the victim of a 'betrayal' at least as appalling as any he's committed. As Pinter sees it – well, Pinter being Pinter, he maintains his detachment, presents us with the evidence, and, here and elsewhere, leaves us to make what we may of it. What is surely indisputable, though, is that the dossier we end by taking to the jury-room is pretty elaborate, and remarkably suggestive about confused, shifting, silently screaming states of mind.

Peter Hall's production seems portentous at times, the result (perhaps) of excessive reverence for Pinter's celebrated pauses; but it still gets taut, watchful performances from Daniel Massey, Michael Gamben and Penelope Wilton, a trio who have had to put up with a maddening amount of critical sympathy, almost as if they were at a funeral. Let me insist, then, that this is not a sterile disaster. On the contrary, it is one of Pinter's more successful exercises in presenting the least and evoking the most. What looks flat commonly has fissures of feeling beneath it, and what sounds banal can be magnificently resonant. I don't think there's an idle word in the play. In fact, there isn't a line that doesn't express desire, hurt, alarm, regret, rage or some concatenation of the impulses that are pounding about the slippery brainboxes of these artful dodgers. *Betrayal* is not a repository for mannered nothings: it is Pinter's *Golden Bowl*, a play of insight and assurance.

# Films

**John Coleman**

## World Enough

**Camouflage** (AA) *Paris Pullman*
**The Thirty-Nine Steps** (A) *Leicester Square Theatre*
**Sweet Hunters** *Electric Cinema, Portobello Road*

Why can't we make them like this? The quick, irascible query that springs to mind after seeing Krzysztof Zanussi's *Camouflage* – which has in varying and attractive degrees to do with students, intelligence, the life of the head that accompanies the life of the body everywhere outside the British cinema, as well as concomitant fakes, sophistries, intellectualism in inverted commas, a warm, writhing, physically and mentally recognisable world, in short – ought not even have to be asked. But, apart from the dubious exception of Joe Losey's *Accident*, where has our pusillanimous home-industry come within a flicker of a movie that dared to deal in people with thoughts, and thoughts heard and witnessed, repercussively, in action? Zanussi's film, made last year, probably failed to do great business in its country of origin, Poland; I wish I knew but can guess why it might not have: it has one of its characters, an obese zero, arriving like a phoney Zeus at a summer school for linguists, admitting the state sends him and his silly, pretty blonde wife to Jugoslavia for hols (for the 'West', you have to be grander, working out of Warsaw as an academic). It is a very good-looking film, given to such admissions. It is also one hell of a comedy.

Its centre is a to-fro relationship between a cynical Jakub (Zbigniew Zapasiewicz), an apparently disillusioned Sunday cameraman and head of the lucky seminarists, and his assistant, Jaroslaw (Piotr Garlicki), an intense, bearded fellow, full of half-baked ideals and adored for a while by a hugely engaging English girl, Mary (Christine Paul), who speaks a quite marvellous mixture of several languages, simultaneously. University politics officially dominate the plot, which is enlivened – and, for once, the word is not used idly – by the sort of persuasive deployment of non-sequiturs, random events such as the filling of a leaf-strewn swimming-pool merely so that the pot-bellied horror of a visiting pro-rector can swim a beastly length; some unpursued stuff of irate students pinching Jakub's camera to film hinted-at bums and perversions; a poetess droning on at the prize-giving ceremony; a maybe mad young scholar who bites the paunchy pro-rector on the ear and is later hauled off, in a night-scene of some horror, by police; by such singular happenings to the point that, in the hands of a Zanussi (someone who knows what he is at), they come together into a fair and convincing impression of reality. One can think of sound reasons why satellite countries with a tormented history should try to make an art out of the absurd, justify Camus in their heads. Zanussi brings it off on screen. Camouflage, perhaps, but only the better to break cover. Anyone who enjoyed that Tom Stoppard telly-play, *Professional Foul*, as much as I did, should find even greater larks, solider nutriment here.

Robert Powell has not, hitherto, been my favourite actor. Nor, come to that, has Don Sharp been a starter in my pantheon of directors. Without anything so utter as an about-face, I have to say Vowelly Powell (as I was wont to think of him, in his Byronic or messianic modes) is the truly agreeable surprise of *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, where he turns in and turns up a genial, comic performance for the books, if not the book, as Hannay. Mr Sharp, too, has had the correct nerve to forget about the Hitchcock (1935) and the Ralph Thomas (1959). An entirely new look, embracing fresh-painted but old London buses, a few spick-and-span old cars, a regrettably intermittent appearance from Karen Dotrice as the lady some of us remember handcuffed to Hannay (Donat, in particular) almost throughout, leaves Mr Powell to run – and like someone who is authentically running for his life, and not just the money – and bicycle and ride a wild wheelchair through this comedy-thriller. You will note I did not say re-make.

The manner of London mists or fogs that beset both London and London-based fiction at some moment in our past, not a hammer's throw from the enterprise of the same name, signally swirl around the opening of this jape. 1914, and Prussians are baddies. Hannay is back from South Africa on a ten-week furlough, soon – and not a moment too soon for

**Derek Mahon**

## The Chinese Restaurant in Portrush

Before the holidaymakers comes the spring
Softening the sharp air of the coast
In time for the first 'invasion'.
Today the place is as it might have been,
Gentle and almost hospitable. A girl
Strides past the Northern Counties Hotel,
Light-footed, swinging a book bag,
And the doors that were shut all winter
Against the north wind and the sea-mist
Lie open to the street, where one
By one the gulls go window-shopping
And an old wolfhound dozes in the sun.

While I sit with my paper and
prawn chow-mein
Under a framed photograph of Hong Kong
The proprietor of the Chinese restaurant
Stands at the door as if the world were young
Watching the first yacht hoist a sail –
An ideogram on sea-cloud – and the light
Of heaven upon the mountains of Donegal;
And whistles a little tune, dreaming of home.

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the contemporary liberal conscience – up to his elegant ears in a Fiendish Plot. It entails his changing his garb a good deal and a grandish finale (Harold Lloyd should sue) with him coming in handy on Big Ben: 39 steps are hereby justified. But the best is in Powell's mini-reactions, one eye opening, a raised brow, a complete routine in mime – with him hypodermicked into catalepsy – getting a summoned hotel waiter to understand his demands. Or does he? Did he? It occurs to me that this simple-minded entertainment does, after all, join mitts with Hitchcock in suspending not only belief but thought. I still miss the handcuffs, alas, although the sudden summons to speak for a Liberal candidate on an alien rostrum has been kept.

It was a long time ago that I saw *Sweet Hunters*: it remains that way, even if I re-saw it yesterday. This nonsense, arrived at by Ruy Guerra, continues to set Sterling Hayden, looking like a lost Mormon, on an island entirely surrounded by the clash of symbols, in some thin yarn embellished by two beautiful women: Susan Strasberg his sister-in-law, and Maureen McNally, his wife. A beached convict crops up (Stuart Whitman). There are some lovely shots of drying sheets. I could be wrong about all this. But I did stay awake this time, which is more than I did in Venice, 1969.

# Weekend Competition

**No 2542** **Set by T. A. Dyer**

Shakespeare's works are now available in China. The translations will presumably point up the Bard's revolutionary consciousness, his hatred of formalism and revisionism, not to mention the obsession of his characters with dialectical self-criticism. Translate back into English any famous scene from this new rendition of the plays. Prose or verse; 150 word limit; by 8 December.

**Result of No 2539** **Set by Anne Rundle**

We asked for 13 lines of verse reading A to M down the left hand side and Z to N down the right hand side . . .

**Report** **by Fat Jeff**

. . . and then some coke-snorting zombie in the Setting Department demanded couplets. Ha. Amateurs. And *then*, worse still, they went and took it all back again: rhymes not needed, they mewed a week later. Couldn't run a whelk stall, most of these young fellows: the first rule of setting is, Never Apologise, Never Explain. Bluff it out, and count on the compers to do their damnedest anyway. You certainly performed commendably: seven quid for the 'rhymed' ones, six the plain.

A Roman miss in St Tropez
Bathed bare breasts abob in the bay,
Cheered on by the assembled beaux,
Demanding a much fuller show.
Emerging she cried out 'EHEV'
(For that's how the Romans wrote U)
'Good people, I pray you, un mot,
Have pity, one moment's repos.
I've been without clothing so far,
Just see, I am rouge comme un coq.
Keep back – all your aid is de trop –
Leave off, sir – now stop it – oh no!'
More need not be said from here on.

TED THOMPSON

'Art? It's just a job, *vous savez*,'
Balzac said. 'Look at it this way:
Critics' praises don't buy *châteaux*,
Duck costs more to eat than sparrow.
Each time I write out my C.V.
Finds more under '*déjà paru*'.
Guys who get the critics' *cachet*
Haven't always wads of *billets*;
I've got loads of *sous* to *brûler*.
*Je travaille de neuf jusqu'à cinq*,
Keep on even when it seems *trop*;
Let the others haunt the *bistro*,
My work puts the jam on my *pain*.'

R. D. CONDON

As age takes hold, the downy fuzz
Becomes a monthly, soon daily
Crop painfully harvested. Marx,
Demosthenes, Charles Darwin, Shaw
Epitomise defeat. The spiv
Favoured a trim, sly hedge. And you
Grasp at excuses to let sprout
Here and there patches of black grass.
I scrape and scrape; and then ask her
(Jowls finished off with some Domecq)
'Kiss me'. She runs her silky lip
Lightly over the target, to
Make hay while the stubble is down.

V. F. CORLEONE

Act II, Sc. II – Hamlet: 'Buz, buz!'
Bored by excessive flattery –
Chafing at speeches, too prolix,
Delivered by a fool, bent low.
Elsewhere, the fool (Act III, Sc. IV),
Fell dead, *horribile dictu* –
Gagged, once for all, when Hamlet thrust
His sword into the greybeard's guts.
'Is it the K?' – and hoping for
Just one effect, a widowed Q. –
Killing instead, (a fateful slip),
Luckless Ophelia's father, who
Mouth'd his last speech: 'O, I am slain'

STANLEY SHAW

A party marketed like Daz,
Bereft of policies on pay,
Con-tricksters cursing income tax,
Dead sheepish, like Sir Geoffrey, how
Eternally they play the spiv,
Forever claiming Asian flu
Goes rampant through the country's gut;
Haranguing us like ticket touts,
Insisting on 'our finest hour',
'John Bull', 'Dunkirk' and 'Status Q.',
Keen-eyed they seem, but closer up
Less perspicacious than Magoo –
May God preserve us if they win!

BILL GREENWELL

**Tony Miles**

# Chess

**No 109** **The Women's Championship**

The Women's World Championship match, though rather overshadowed, turned out to be no less dramatic than its male counterpart. The champion Nona Gaprindashvili had held the title for sixteen years, in fact since her challenger, Maya Chiburdanidze was just one year old. Despite Maya's impressive progress through the candidates' matches few people believed she had a real chance of ending an era of Gaprindashvili domination. After all, her opponent is not far short of male GM strength (she has one norm), and Chiburdanidze is only a seventeen year old girl. So it came as something of a surprise when the champion lost the fourth and fifth games. Strangely, she could make no headway with the white pieces, and thereafter all the decisive games came with Gaprindashvili Black. She won the seventh game but lost the ninth. Again she pulled back in the eleventh, only to lose the thirteenth. The fourteenth was drawn, leaving Chiburdanidze two up with two to play.

According to the sequence Gaprindashvili was due to win the fifteenth, and that looked likely throughout, but at a crucial stage the young challenger found a brilliant defensive try, and under great psychological pressure Gaprindashvili missed the only win and the match was lost.

Maya is by far the youngest ever world champion of either sex, and at her current phenomenal rate of progress might even become a challenger for *the* world title.

The thirteenth game was a particularly bloodthirsty encounter.


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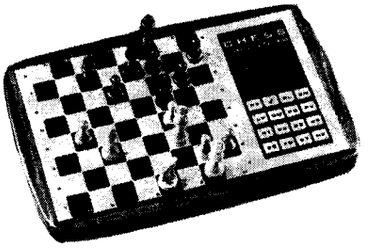

★ 10 levels of play from beginner to expert ★ Random computer responses ★ Programmed with standard opening offensive and defensive gambits ★ Plays black or white ★ Makes and permits no illegal moves ★ Can analyse over 3 million moves ★ Problem mode ★ Audio feedback ★ Many other features

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**JAGBERRY LTD, 95 Ardwell Avenue, Barkingside, Essex**


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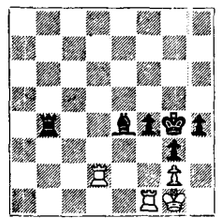
**White: M. Chiburdanidze Black: N. Gaprindashvili**

**1. P-K4, P-Q3; 2. P-Q4, N-KB3; 3. N-QB3, P-KN3; 4. B-K3, P-B3; 5. Q-Q2, QN-Q2; 6. P-KR3, Q-B2; 7. P-KN3, P-QN4; 8. B-N2, P-N5; 9. N-Q1, R-N1; 10. N-K2, B-KN2; 11. 0-0, 0-0; 12. P-N3, P-K4; 13. P-B3, P-Q4?!** A dubious attempt to complicate matters, but typical of Gaprindashvili. **14. KPxP, NxP; 15. BPxP, B-R3; 16. BxN!** A brave decision, resolving the central tension at the cost of the normally crucial light squared bishop. **16. . . . PxB; 17. N(Q1)-B3, Q-Q3; 18. P-N5.** In order to meet . . . BxP; 19. NxB, RxN; with QR-Q1 with a useful advantage. Gaprindashvili has other ideas: **18 . . . RxP!? 19. NxR, BxN; 20. KR-K1, Q-K3; 21. K-R2, N-B3; 22. N-N1, N-K5; 23. Q-N4?** A serious oversight. 23. Q-N2 was correct. **23 . . . PxP! 24. B-B4.** If 24. BxP, P-QR4! 25. QxB, BxB; with a strong attack. **24 . . . Q-R3; 25. P-B3, N-B7; 26. P-QR4, B-QB3; 27. Q-Q2, N-Q6; 28. Q-K2, B-N2; 29. KR-Q1, NxB; 30. QxQ, BxQ; 31. PxB, P-Q6?** Not best. 31 . . . R-B1 was very strong, eg 32. QR-B1, R-B6! 33. RxR, PxR; 34. RxP, B-KB1 etc. **32.QR-B1, R-K1; 33. R-B5, R-K7ch! 34. NxR, PxN; 35. R(B)xP, PxR=Q.** Automatic but the subtle preparatory 35 . . . B-B6! improving the problem of the bishop was much better. **36. RxQ, B-K7; 37. R-Q7, P-QR3.** P-QR4 was preferable. Then if 38. R-B8ch, B-B1; 39. R-R8, B-Q8; **38. K-N2, P-QR4;** Else R-Q2! **39. K-B2, B-QR3; 40. R-Q8ch; B-B1; 41. R-R8, B-N2; 42. RxP, B-Q3? 43. K.N3, K-B1; 44. R-R7,B-Q4.** A sad necessity. Black should have tried 42 . . . B-B3 though it would probably not have saved the game. The rest, as they say, is a matter of technique. **45. R-Q7, BxP; 46. RxB, BxP; 47. P-B5! K-N2; 48. P-B6ch, K-R3; 49. K-B4, P-N4ch; 50. K-K5, K-R4; 51. R-Q8, B-B7; 52. R-KB8, B-N6; 53. R-KR8, P-R3; 54. K-Q6, K-N3; 55. K-K7, P-R4; 56. R-N8ch, K-B4; 57. R-N7, K-B5; 58. RxBP, KxP; 59. R-R7, P-R5; 60. R-N7, K-N6; 61. RxPch, KxP; 62. K-Q6, K-R7; 63. K-K5, P-R6; 64. K-B4, B-B2; 65. K-B3, B-B5; 66. K-B2, B-K3; 67. R-KN7, K-R8; 68. R-R7. Resigns.**

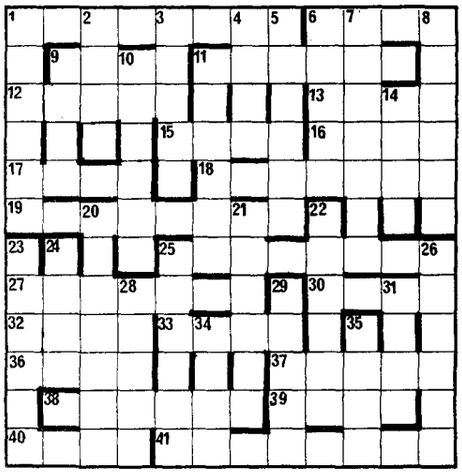


**Problem 109**
Black to play agreed a draw here. Was he right? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 6 December.

**Solution to problem 107**
1 . . . Q-B5ch! (No RxP?? QxNch) 2. BxQ, RxP; RxP; Resigns.

# Salamanca 12: 'Beansack and Biggs'

**PRIZES. Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 12, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 5 December.**



Unclued across answers are of one kind, unclued downs of another. Chambers Dictionary is recommended but does not give the proper names at 25 down and 34.

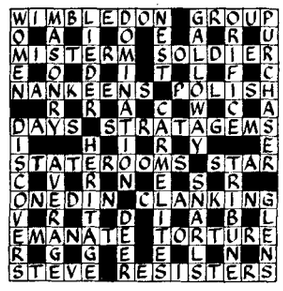
ACROSS

6 Metal-worker almost afflicted one time with infection up north (4)
9 Weight varying with time in the most part (4)
11 'Hilltop will do' – e.g. Zeus re Prometheus? (6)
13 O/S maps at some time in the future made up from moonscapes? (4)
15 Small dog to look sickly, say (4)
17 Containing individuality in high degree, found about, these kings? (4)
18 Having drunk beer in celebrations in turn, thus turn the applicable colour? (When effect wore off, one ——) (7)
25 He deceived director of studies about footwear (8)
27 Third party deed put in writing, namely for name (7)
30 Socks for going on in bed (4)
32 Upon the arms this? About the top parts see it on one as well, say? (4)
33 Northern sport? Look, see we Scots changed by sloth? (4)
36 Such a stage of development for infants is in for alteration (4)
37 Against, say, either side of the door, these (5)
39 Biblical character speaks soundly there (4)
40 On record at any time in the world (4)

DOWN

1 Man going into a thicket to get an antelope (6)
2 Wandering player ready to peg out almost (4)
3 Mac's to tell tales about washing liquid with power in it (5)
4 A god's final prank, showing some mischief (4)
5 With energy, be hip perhaps, these young Greeks (6)
6 Feed the fire all right, putting in curved timber mostly (5)
8 T'apparel for mourning, such clothes (6)
10 Do louts, to ultimate in hairstyle? (6)
14 Starve out of inclemency (4)
20 Roughly, the acre falls short of half this square measure (7)
21 Fails to fulfil when stomachs have no middle filling (6)
22 Cry of lament from love that's about to grieve (6)
23 Work within a border in a sculptured slab (6)
24 Are certain fish found on gravel ridges? (4)
25 A Mexican bunch, reared etc. for working (6)
29 Arbitrary decree – from sheepskin, say? (5)
34 River – But it's not, you hear? (4)
35 With oil this man's rich? (4)

**Solution to No 1282**



**Prizewinners to No 1282**

G. Smith (Warley)
P. A. Vetterlein (Beckenham)
H. Salamon (Jerusalem)

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Requests for application forms and further details must be accompanied by a stamped and self addressed envelope and sent to:

**The Administrative Officer, Barking College of Technology, Dagenham Road, Romford, RM7 0XU.**

Completed forms must be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this notice.

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**Principal: John Parkinson, MA**

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Commencing salary within the scale £3,297 by six increments to £4,266 (under review).

The Co-operative Union apologise for the mistake in last week's advertisement regarding the above salary scale. This should have read as above.

Further details and application form available from, and to be returned by 8 December 1978, to the **Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union Limited, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leicestershire LE12 6QR.**

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PANAMA

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Further information: Write with details of curriculum vitae to CIIR Overseas Volunteers, 1 Cambridge Terrace, London NW1 4JN.

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For further details contact Personnel Office, Amnesty International, 10 Southampton Street, London WC2E 7HF or phone 01-836 7788 Ext. 289.

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Applicants should have experience in local government, have good educational qualifications, preferably graduates, and be capable of research and journalism as well as general liaison work.

Salary range: £4,665 rising to £4,970 after one year, and in the second year to £5,330. Salary dependent on appropriate experience in a similar capacity.

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**Smith Square, London SW1P 3JA.**
**Tel: 01-834 9434.**

Completed application forms should be returned by **Friday, 8 December 1978.**

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For further details write to **Kathy McGuinness, World University Service (UK), 20/21 Compton Terrace, London N1 2UN.**
Closing date for completed applications 15 December 1978.

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**TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC, LONDON**

## PRINCIPAL

The Principal, Myers Foggin, CBE, will be retiring at the end of this academic year and the Board is inviting applications from suitably qualified persons for appointment as his successor.

Anyone who may be interested or who may be able to suggest persons suitable for the appointment is invited to write for further information to the **Chairman, Dr J. Murray Brown, c/o The General Administrator, Trinity College of Music, Mandeville Place, London W1M 6AQ.** Correspondence should be marked 'Confidential'. The closing date for applications is **31 December 1978.**

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**Tel: 01-387 9541.**

# Publications

**WE APOLOGISE** to any disappointed buyers who were unable to find an address for the first ad. in the Bookworms column last week. Address should have been as follows: R. G. Parker, 287 Old Chester Road, Rock Ferry, Merseyside.

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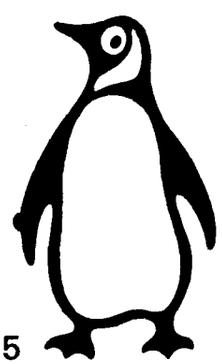

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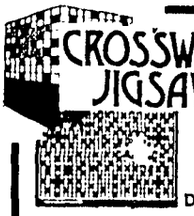

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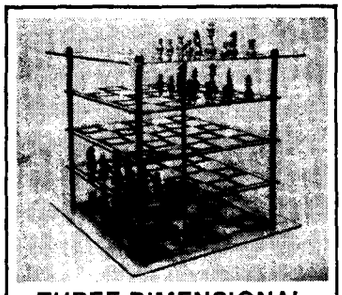

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# Meetings

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**CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY.** Wed. 29 Nov. 7.30 p.m. at 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. A speaker on 'Broadcasting and the Media'.

**'INTERVENTION** to protect minorities' — Minority Rights Group Annual Lecture by Prof. James Fawcett, President of European *Human Rights Commission*, 6.30 *on* 29 November at 10 St James's Sq, SW1.

**BRITISH AID TO AFRICA:** who gives? who takes? A question/answer session with Martin Lynch, Under Secretary in charge of the African Division at the Ministry of Overseas Development. Tues. 28 Nov. 1.15 p.m. at Africa Centre, 38 King St, WC2. Admission 50p, members free.

**THE BRITISH SOCIOLOGICAL ASSN.** Future of Black Culture and Politics. A special study group lecture by Professor John Rex. Saturday, 2 December, 1978, 2 p.m. Room S177, London School of Economics, Houghton Street, London WC2. Admission: BSA members free, non-members 50p.

**CND DISARMAMENT RALLY.** Central Hall, Westminster, London SW1. Tues. 28 Nov. 1978. 6.30 p.m. Speakers include: Frank Allaun MP and the Bishop of Southwark. Mervyn Stockwood. Also featuring the Partisans folk group and the Workers Music Association Singers. There will be a lobby of Parliament and the handing in of the CND's petition against the neutron bomb.

**'BOOKS OF OUR TIME** in the Light of Theosophy'. A talk by Mr Adam Warcup, 7 p.m. Sunday 26 Nov. The Theosophical Society in England, 50 Gloucester Place, London W1H 3HJ. Tel. 01-935 9261.

**RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE**, Blind Lane, Bourne End, Bucks. Sun. 26 Nov. Swami Bhavyananda 'The Gospel of Divine Love' at 4 p.m. All welc. Vedanta mag. 50p.

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**LONDON MEETING AGAINST THE BERUFSVERBOT**
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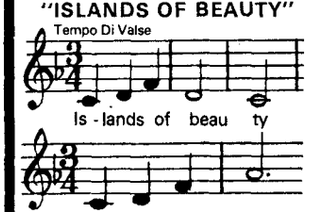
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